

THE LIVING AGE.

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{ FROM BEGINNING
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CONTENTS

| | | |
|--|------------------------------|----|
| I. The War and Women's Employment. <i>By Janet E. Courtney.</i> | FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW | 3 |
| II. Six Weeks with the Enemy. <i>By A Neutral Observer.</i> | TIMES | 10 |
| III. Pomm's Daughter. Chapters I., II. and III. <i>By Claire de Pratz.</i> (To be continued.) | | 17 |
| IV. Temperance Reform in Russia. <i>By Bishop Frodsham.</i> | NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER | 27 |
| V. The Gentlemen Glass-Makers Come. The Romance of a Hobby. <i>By Sir James Yozall, M. P.</i> | CORNHILL MAGAZINE | 33 |
| VI. The Law of the Medes. <i>By "Bartimeus."</i> | BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE | 37 |
| VII. Did Britain Stand in Germany's Way? <i>By Sir Harry H. Johnston.</i> | NEW STATESMAN | 46 |
| VIII. The Passport. <i>By R. C. Lehmann.</i> | PUNCH | 49 |
| IX. Mr. Roosevelt's Straight Course. | SATURDAY REVIEW | 50 |
| X. The German War Book. | SPECTATOR | 53 |
| XI. President Wilson. <i>By Sydney Brooks.</i> | OUTLOOK | 56 |
| XII. The New Naval Measures and the United States. | SPECTATOR | 59 |

A PAGE OF VERSE

| | | |
|--|--------------------|----|
| XIII. The Old Soldier. <i>By Katharine Tynan.</i> | CORNHILL MAGAZINE | 2 |
| XIV. In Last Year's Camp. <i>By M. Adair Macdonald.</i> | SPECTATOR | 2 |
| XV. Old Songs and Stories. <i>By J. Logie Robertson.</i> | CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL | 2 |
| XVI. The Mountaineer. <i>By A. E.</i> | | 2 |
| BOOKS AND AUTHORS. | | 63 |



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Single Copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

THE OLD SOLDIER.

Lest the young soldiers be strange in
heaven,

God bids the old soldier they all
adored

Come to Him and wait for them,
clean, new-shriven,

A happy doorkeeper in the House of
the Lord.

Lest it abash them, the strange new
splendor,

Lest they affright them, the new
robes clean;

Here's an old face, now, long-tried and
tender,

A word and a hand-clasp as they
troop in.

"My boys!" He greets them: and
heaven is homely,

He their great captain in days gone
o'er;

Dear is the friend's face, honest and
comely,

Waiting to welcome them by the
strange door.

Katharine Tynan.

The Cornhill Magazine.

IN LAST YEAR'S CAMP.

They stole the gorse's glory, they
scared the foals at play,

They yearned for Tipperary on every
woodland way;

Their tent peaks pricked the dawning,
their bugles shook the dew,

While the encamped Division became
the men we knew.

The tents were struck at twilight, the
pipers skirled a cry,

The stars came out in Heaven to bid
the lads good-bye,

That night they took the Old Road,
the straightest road that runs,

Deep with the dust of armies, and
graven by their guns.

Now tentless lie the moorlands, the
glades most lonely are;

But still the russet ponies stand sol-
emnly afar;

And still I think they hearken, and
know the sound of men—

The marching tramp of heroes we
shall not see again.

Now leave we to its glory the camp
of yesterday,

Vex not its echoes lightly—their souls
may come this way,

The lads who cut the bracken when
beechen leaves were red,

And, ere the cuckoo's calling, were
England's Deathless Dead!

M. Adair Macdonald.

The Spectator.

OLD SONGS AND STORIES.

When books were rare, and leisure
long,

And human cares were passive,
The world had time to learn a song,
Or loiter months and months among
Old folios tall and massive.

Great books were not great evils then,
Nor fact so dear as fiction;

The age was more romantic when
No critic yet o'ersat the pen,
Which ran without restriction.

Hence grew the grace of balladry,
Like flowering broom on Colden;
And, plumed and mounted, fair to see,
Beauty and Chivalry rode free
Through many a chapter golden.

Now wealth and greed our hearts
estrangle

From all those pleasing fancies;
So knights no more the woodlands
range.

Ah me! it is a woeful change
From ballads and romances.

J. Logie Robertson.

Chambers's Journal.

THE MOUNTAINEER.

Oh, at the eagle's height
To lie 't the sweet of the sun,
While veil after veil takes flight
And God and the world are one.

Oh, the night on the steep!
All that his eyes saw dim
Grows light in the dusky deep,
And God is alone with him.

A. H.

THE WAR AND WOMEN'S EMPLOYMENT.

The decision recently taken by the Carnegie United Kingdom Trust to form a Carnegie Endowment Fund, to be administered by the Central Bureau for the Employment of Women and its affiliated branches, with the object of steadying and regularizing women's professional work, is one of great interest. It has long been felt by many competent observers that women's work was badly in need of some such centralizing and steadying influence. Indeed, it was this feeling which prompted the establishment of the Central Bureau itself in 1898 as an intelligence office and employment agency. It has done a very valuable work, particularly as an intelligence office, and seventeen years of experience and knowledge lie behind it. But though it has striven, through its affiliated societies in seven large cities¹ and its university correspondents, to cover the very wide field of women's professions, it has been hampered for lack of funds, and it is good news that in the future its income will be supplemented from this new source.

The moment is peculiarly opportune. For though everybody talks about women's work, very few people talk with knowledge, and even those who thought they knew have had much to learn from the sudden and blinding light thrown upon the whole of our national life by the illuminating shock of war. We knew, for instance, that too much of women's work was casual; but we did not know that these casual workers would be out of work in their thousands within one week after war was declared. We knew that a great many of the occupations pursued by women were unnecessary; but their essential arti-

ficiality only came into prominence when we found them absolutely at an end and never missed. We knew that women lacked organization, though perhaps not organizing power; it needed only a short experience of hastily improvised relief agencies to realize that most women have still much, if not everything, to learn in the arts of combination and compromise. We knew that training is necessary to make efficient workers; what tragedies of inefficiency and want its absence may entail, it needed the last six months to bring to light. We were uncertain as to how far women compete with men in the labor market; we now know that, speaking generally, men can run this country by themselves, and that men's and women's work, for all strictly necessary purposes, proceed on parallel lines that never meet.

But we shall be asked, no doubt, to justify these assertions. Let us, therefore, pause to consider why women's work is so casual, in what departments of life it is really necessary, and what are the lessons of the war as to the lines on which its future organization should proceed. To begin with, it is casual for the very obvious but very important reason that very few quite young women take their work seriously. Miss Mary Cholmondeley once wittily said that a man looks tolerantly upon friendships between girls, because he says to himself, "Occupy until I come." The same might be said with even greater truth about a man's view of a girl's work, and about her own view of it for that matter. As long as marriage is at any rate a possibility, and as long as the prejudice against a woman's continuing her professional career after marriage still prevails,

¹ Edinburgh, Dublin, Glasgow, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds.

very few women will take their professions as seriously as a man takes his. Moreover, and this is even more important, very few parents will take the preparation of their daughters for professional life as seriously as they take the preparation of their sons. As a rule, girls are not encouraged to consider what they will be while they are still children, whereas a father and mother will talk to a boy about his future profession when he is only ten or twelve years old. Of course, we don't want specialists of sixteen, and courses of "business" training designed for children barely out of the nursery; but no harm would be done by a little playful looking forward past the leaving school and "coming out" period to the interim occupation, which will at least fill in the years before marriage and may be developed into the life-work of the unmarried. Where are husbands coming from in the next ten years for only too large a proportion of the girls now marriageable or of those still in the school-room? This, one of the saddest results of a devastating war, should give the careless parent pause.

Casualness, then, is inherent in the very nature of women's work as long as marriage puts an end to a professional career. Nobody is going to complain of this, if marriage is regarded as not abandoning but changing a profession, that is to say if the married woman is going to take her duties seriously, to regard it as incumbent upon her to keep house scientifically, to bring up a family in health and efficiency, and to do whatever other work for the community she can find leisure and opportunity to undertake. But if she is brought up, as too many girls still are, to regard marriage as a way of escaping work, and a man as a Heaven-sent machine intended to grind out a woman's support, we shall still see that great army of fairly

prosperous middle-class, almost completely idle women and girls, who make Kensington High Street and Oxford Street and all the great shopping thoroughfares a penance to walk along on any and every fine afternoon. Has the war done anything to make them think? There are some signs that it has; perhaps there will be more when the financial pressure, which must come when the war has to be paid for, forces some of these hitherto unemployed middle-class girls into the labor market.

Because, what are they going to do? We have already said that, so far as we can see, the men of this country at a crisis can run it alone. In spite of the enormous drain upon British manhood for military purposes, where do we find women in any numbers supplying the places of the men who have gone to the Front? They are running the lifts at Selfridge's, to be sure, but apparently, to judge from the Tubes, and the blocks of flats and the hotels, there is not yet any serious dearth of male lift attendants. Nor has even the temporary exodus of a whole army of foreign waiters caused a striking increase in the demand for caps and aprons. Even in the clerical and secretarial work, which is so largely done by women, the departure of a considerable percentage of their male competitors has not found places for more than a few of the more competent women, thrown out of work by the stoppage of Stock Exchange and other business. The Government offices are still adequately staffed—not with women, and though in one or two departments, such as that of the Public Trustee, who has always shown a liking for women's work, there has been some increase of the female staff, this is rather the exception than the rule. And there is no getting over the fact that the unemployment amongst women clerks, stenographers, and sec-

retaries reached such figures, even in August, as to require early attention from the Committee for the Prevention and Relief of National Distress. Of course, experienced people knew very well that this particular profession had for years been so immensely overcrowded, and by recruits so lamentably ill-trained, that a very large proportion of the present unemployment is chronic and not occasional. It occurs at every slack season and during every commercial depression; the war has merely accentuated it. But, none the less, it points the moral that even in this profession, so well suited to women, a very great many of them are superfluous.

Where are they really necessary? Because the answer to that question is going to be vital for the future. No doubt it could be answered differently in different countries. France and Germany, for instance, do really seem to have needed their women to carry on the national work whilst the men were fighting. In America women are not yet numerous enough to have lost their power of getting their own way. The British over-seas dominions still want women, at any rate in the domestic sphere. It is only in the United Kingdom that we have this vast preponderance of women over men, which raises such serious economic difficulties. And the war is going to make it worse, especially when it is over and the men come home, some of them invalided, all of them having to be got back into employment, and few for some years sufficiently well off to support a wife.

Of course, in some departments of life women are always necessary. There is no getting over the fact that they must bear and rear the nation's children, and keep the nation's houses. But there are too many of them to be doing only that, unless we make polygamy legal. What substituted

work can they find? The so-called professions and occupations open to them are so numerous that they could not be adequately surveyed in detail in a single article; but the threefold division of all labor into productive, administrative, and servile may perhaps afford a guiding clue and, incidentally, a test of relative value. It is not a hard and fast, or a very scientific, division, but perhaps under "productive" labor we might bring the arts and sciences; under "administrative" the teaching profession and the public service, as well as the better kinds of clerical work and house-keeping in all its branches; whilst "servile" labor is that which serves not the needs, but the whims of the idle and leisured, and by its very nature vitiates the spirit both of those who are served and those who serve. Very little of the work of professional women, as distinct from women in industry, belongs to the first class; a good deal of it is in the second; but far too large a proportion is in the third, and it is this superfluous, unproductive, artificial kind of work which in every crisis ceases to be.

Using "productive" in its widest sense to cover not only manual work done under direction, such as weaving and other industrial occupations, but also the higher kinds of mental work, we can include under it all forms of creation, whether in science or in art, for art and learning know no sex barriers, though they may include sex differences. Work of this kind, whether in music, painting, sculpture, literature, scholarship, or drama, may suffer temporary checks, but can never be permanently eclipsed, so long as man lives not by bread alone, but by the quickening of the spirit. But for the furthering of art little machinery is needed. All that the community has to do is to see to it that the artist is not starved for lack of op-

portunity. It is for the artist to see that she neither neglects her opportunities, nor prostitutes her art by turning it to base uses. Where foresight might come in is in the direction of fostering the applied arts, and helping the artist to live by guiding her to the beautifying of those necessities of everyday life, which we can have either machine-made and commercialized, or individual and spontaneous. And again people of experience, in a position to give advice, may exert their influence in the direction of discriminating between a real creative gift and a sensitive organization. There are plenty of girls with artistic tastes, who might usefully be guided to apply their sense of beauty to home decoration, or to the simplifying and beautifying of dress, instead of going to swell the ranks of those merely imitative performers and artificers who degrade the name of creative artist. On the arts or on literature, as professions for women, there is no room for dogmatizing, and it would do no good. The born artist produces, because she must. We can only help to ensure her a livelihood by trying to create for her an appreciative public, and that is a matter of national education, not of professional organization.

The same may be said of science in its higher and creative branches. Women, like Mme. Curie, capable of original work, will come to the front anyhow, provided they can secure the necessary educational opportunities. When the community has seen to it that no barriers stand between a woman student and free access to every university privilege, it has done all that it can to help forward woman's creative work. The rest must lie with herself. And though there are still a few obstacles in a woman's way—for instance, in securing a wide enough field of experience in hospital

work, if she takes up medicine—for the most part the community does now allow women equal facilities with men in obtaining scientific education. Probably it will not be long before they stand a fair, if not a perfectly equal, chance with men in obtaining public appointments. The work of women surgeons during the war will help that forward, and the shortness of supply in the medical profession, about which complaints are beginning to be heard from our universities, will be woman's opportunity.

But these higher branches of productive work depend on gifts, of which nature is not prodigal. They must always be professions for the select: the arts and scientific discovery because few are the chosen; medicine because it requires a long, arduous, and expensive training making heavy demands on a girl's strength. It is when we come to "administrative" work that the prospects for women seem more promising. A great deal of it is really necessary work, and it divides itself roughly into two main branches, the care of the mind and the care of the body, both of them logical developments of woman's primitive and natural occupations, the bearing and rearing of children and the management of a home. It includes also certain subsidiary occupations, such as the clerical work for the public service and for the commercial community, work so necessary to the conduct of national life that it may fairly claim an honorable place in the scale of professions and has most certainly a future.

At the head of this group of occupations comes the great profession of teaching, work largely done by women throughout the English-speaking countries, eminently suited to their painstaking characteristics and their instinctive understanding of, and sympathy with, the child mind. This at

least is true of all born teachers, and for teaching, as for nursing, a girl should have a vocation. Training is necessary, but it is not enough, and it is lamentable that a girl fresh from school or university should go into teaching, as she so often does, because she does not know what else to do. It should be one of the most serious objects of an intelligent Employment Bureau to find her some other sphere, as the lifeless teacher makes the unintelligent and unresourceful pupil, and therefore perpetuates the very evil which the better organization of women's work is intended to cure. Lack of resource and lack of initiative are the greatest of all stumbling blocks in the way of raising women's work. They are responsible at the very beginning for the great overplus of women in the United Kingdom, for whereas boys of the upper and middle classes are adventurous and go abroad, middle-class girls cling to the same little round of tea-parties and picture palaces and afternoon shopping, and will take any little wretched salaried secretarial post at home sooner than seek their fortunes in countries which want them. And their parents are as bad. Instead of encouraging the girls to go, they generally do their best to prevent them. For the born teachers there will always be room; it is probably still the best of all professions for women and the most natural, though it is much to be wished that women teachers should keep as much as possible in close contact with the non-educational world and avoid their present tendency to segregate themselves into a little, celibate, feminine world of their own. For those who ought not to be teachers, indexing and library work are often both suggested and adopted as alternative careers; but so far the openings are few and the work ill-paid.

Next in importance, as regards num-

bers (teachers at the last census numbered 187,283), comes clerical work, accounting for 117,057 women and girls, with 31,538 more employed in Government offices. To the consideration of these we will return, when we have recognized the large profession of nursing in all its branches. Like teaching, it is a natural occupation for women and a necessary one, and, even more than teaching, it is a specially feminine one, and it rightly belongs to the administrative group, because it conduces to the real well-being of the community. No competent nurse has been out of employment for the last six months, and even in time of peace very few probationers fail to get on except through their own fault or their physical unfitness. There were 83,662 nurses in 1911, and with the growing demands for district nursing, midwifery, nurses for Poor-Law infirmaries and asylums, and attendants on the mentally defective, by 1921 there may easily be 100,000 required. Moreover, now that the community is becoming more and more alive to its duties to its weaker members, there will be an increase in the number of supervising and inspecting posts under Government, in connection with elementary schools or boarded-out children, to which the more highly qualified nurses may aspire. It is distinctly a profession with a future.

This brings us to the consideration of the public service, paid and unpaid, as a profession for women, and it is very cheering to see how their fitness for this branch of administrative work is being recognized on all sides. After all, a great part of Government work is only national housekeeping; why should it not be given over to the housekeeping sex? There really seems very little reason, except men's conservative tendencies and the necessity of squaring vested interests, such as

those of the more elderly members of the Civil Service. It was curious to see how in the evidence given by witness after witness before the Royal Commission lately sitting the real reason against employing more women was that these older civil servants did not like it. They alleged, of course, "structural difficulties," which would not for one moment have deterred an ordinary commercial house from enlarging its female staff, or disciplinary objections, which, if valid, would merely have condemned the supervisors as incompetent. But of the value of the work of women inspectors of schools and of factories and in other departments there was no question at all. There, as on Boards of Guardians and other public bodies, women have proved themselves efficient and business-like and inaccessible to bribery and corruption, this last no small asset to the State which can secure their services.

For women as inspectors, health visitors, investigators, probation officers, prison visitors, and other positions in the public service there is an undoubted future. The great difficulty is how to fill in the years intervening between leaving school or college and attaining the age (25 to 30) at which they begin to be eligible for these posts. Of course, if they can afford to wait, there is plenty of voluntary work which will give them the needed experience. There is settlement work, charity organization work, work in connection with Children's Care Committees, even our old friend district visiting, which under that name has become rather unfashionable, but has its points. The vital thing is to acquire some first-hand knowledge of the life of the working classes before you begin to dogmatize about it, and probably the opening of either the First or Second Division of the Civil Service to women, though no doubt de-

sirable on other grounds, would do little to meet this difficulty, for knowledge of how the workers live is not gained in offices, or by the study of departmental statistics. At present girls with a turn this way can only be advised, if they must begin earning at once, to qualify as secretaries and then try to get into an office dealing with this side of life, and to devote some of their evenings and their leisure to work at girls' clubs, or play centres, or schools for mothers, or any other place where they can make personal friends amongst their poorer sisters. And it would be well to add a word of warning that this is a work of long labor and patience, and needs very special gifts of understanding and sympathy.

To come back to clerical work, whether under Government or in business generally, it is, as we have already said, an overstocked profession, but a necessary one. The problem is, therefore, not how to warn girls off it, but how to persuade both employers and employed to fix a high standard of efficiency and insist upon its attainment. And it is the employers who are the most guilty in respect of the present state of things. So long as they will engage little illiterate girls, with no education worth speaking of and not an idea in their heads except how to scamp their work so as to get out early and look at hats, for no better reason than because they are cheap and plentiful, just so long will the commercial colleges, who live on the fees paid by credulous parents for their daughters' "business training," continue to turn out by the thousand this class of clerk. And as surely as night follows day will this army of incompetents be pushed over the border-line, which separates subsistence on starvation wages from absolute destitution, on the first approach of crisis. There is no cure for

this state of things but organization. Just as the women in the sweated industries only began to rise as they learned to combine, so the girl clerks will only better their position in proportion as they strengthen their existing Associations and stand together to make themselves respected. But the war, in drawing public attention to their case, may do something. It has already inspired their well-wishers to organize schemes of training in domestic science, hygiene, and handicrafts for those who were obviously never intended by nature for an intellectual occupation. And though clerical work, as at present conducted, might much of it justify the principle laid down by certain civil servants that in providing typists for emergency work the Government does not set out "to pay for brains," if a little more brains were introduced into it perhaps even the Government, as well as other people, might find it profitable to pay a little more.

It would be tedious to go in detail through every profession, but in trying to distinguish between those with and without a future, we must, incidentally, explain why some occupations of the domestic kind are classed as administrative and others as servile. The line of demarcation must be found in their necessity to the community. Of course, this is a question of degree. Ordinary domestic service, for instance, may be an honorable division of labor between different classes of workers, the employers performing other civic duties, or engaging in professional and intellectual work of value to the community, whilst leaving the work of their households to paid servants. Or it may be merely attendance upon the idle and luxurious, in which case it tends to be servile, though the servility resides perhaps rather in the mind of the idle mis-

tress and is by her communicated to her servants. Carrying this principle a little further, it is easy to see that many occupations, which women can take up, are necessary and have a future, if they are pursued in the right spirit and for the right people; but are servile, and therefore in a sense corrupting and, moreover, likely to collapse at a crisis, when their whole object is to subserve luxury. Dress-making, for instance, and millinery and jeweller's work are honorable crafts, when they aim at beauty and simplicity and suitableness. They can be servile, when they simply set out to tempt their customers into extravagance and eccentricity. But without laboring the point, one may lay down the general principle that there is all the difference in the world between making the things which are wanted, and trying to induce people to want the things that you make. The one kind of work is productive, in the sense which our old friends, the political economists of the early nineteenth century, gave to the word; the other has all the expensiveness and wastefulness of relief work, and indeed is nothing really but relief work on a national scale. And, however hard it may be to avert our eyes from the women who want employment so as to fix them upon the needs of the community, we must do it if our last state is not to be worse than our first. For if women are encouraged to make what is not wanted, or to pursue occupations which are only what our grandmothers called "elegant pastimes" and are merely paid for out of philanthropy, so surely, when the next crisis comes, shall we again be faced with a vast army of the unemployed and unemployable.

We must end by some slight indication of the occupations which seem necessary. First, the primitive one of

land cultivation. It is worth while for the best brains in the country to concentrate upon the problem of our food supply, and the use which might be made of women in rearing poultry, fruit growing and preserving, dairy work, and market-gardening in co-operative societies. Then there is the better organization of cookery and domestic science, a subject which is in future to be recognized by the University of London. Incidentally, one may mention that there is a real demand for skilled and educated women as cooks and caterers for institutions, and a shortage of supply. The same thing is true of children's nurses and of competent matrons for girls' homes in connection with rescue and preventive work. Strange to say, there are also not enough good private governesses. Whilst these strictly necessary occupations lack recruits, why need we have all the photograph enlargers, and fashion artists, and face specialists, and makers of silly bric-à-brac, as well as the foolish women journalists writing nonsense about all these futilities, who have one and all been thrown out of work by the national crisis? Indeed, this whole question of feminine journalism, a dangerous subject for a woman writer to

The Fortnightly Review.

tackle, merits careful attention, both for what it is in itself and for the wasteful absurdities which it fosters. No one is going for a moment to deny that where women are sharing with men the strictly necessary work of giving the public the information it wants on the things which it is rightly concerned to know, they are as much in their place as the men are. Journalism, like literature, need make no sex distinctions. But how comparatively few these women are, and how numerous were the papers and the contributors, who merely produced something to fill up a vacant hour, leaving the reader's mind more vacuous than before, these months of war have brought to light. In the face of recent experience, no girl must be encouraged to take up this profession unless she is prepared to bring to it far more education and far more knowledge of public affairs than has hitherto characterized many of her sisters. If the war has, at any rate, purged the women's papers and sent some of them out of existence, it will have done something not only to reform one profession for women, but to brighten the whole outlook of the feminine working world.

Janet E. Courtney.

SIX WEEKS WITH THE ENEMY.

BY A NEUTRAL OBSERVER.

I. UNPERTURBED BERLIN.

The following articles are contributed to "The Times" by a neutral observer who has just returned to England after a journey through Germany and Austria-Hungary. His views are based both upon direct observation and upon impressions received during intercourse with some of the leading men in both countries.

A journey to Berlin in war time? A most hazardous undertaking, I was told. Four or even five days were

suggested to me as the time required, and at least 48 hours from The Hague to the German capital.

I armed myself with patience and a passport and determined to see it through. From London to The Hague took 30 hours. That was a bad beginning, particularly as on the short stretch from Flushing to The Hague I was obliged to change trains twice. It was with many misgivings that I left the Dutch capital.

We bumped along the road through Amsterdam, past countless soldiers guarding the permanent way. Towards noon the dreaded frontier was reached. The Customs examination was, if anything, more mild than in peace times. A little blue label marked "revidliert" was pasted on my bags, my passport was scrutinized and stamped, a porter placed my luggage in a car marked "Berlin," and to my intense surprise 20 minutes later we were steaming at full speed over the flat lands of the Ems valley. The dining saloon attached to the train served me an excellent meal for three marks, and I returned to my compartment to await events.

Snow lay deep in the district around Osnabrück, where we caught up with the storm. Hanover was passed on schedule time, and at a little station near there we came to a dead halt. At last, I thought, we are in for it. I saw a long Red Cross train—fourth-class carriages converted into sleeping cars with a great red cross painted on a metal sheet at each end, and wounded men staring out of the windows near the top. Five minutes, ten minutes we waited. Then with a jolt we started off at full speed. I inquired of the guard whether we would be very late. "Oh no, all stops are provided for" came the answer. Near Stendal I saw 20 small black freight cars with the words "Louvain, Etat Belge," stencilled in white letters, parked on a siding empty.

It was still snowing, but we kept up our express pace, and Berlin was reached on time to the minute. I alighted from the train 11 hours after leaving The Hague. A porter, two, struggled for the privilege of carrying my bags, and I noticed they were young sturdy fellows, quite of the arms-bearing age. Evidently some had not been mobilized. At the station I saw few or no troops, no mili-

tary guards, and the usual routine of a brass check for a taxi-cab delayed me some moments, and then through the brilliantly-lighted, thronged streets I was driven to my hotel. The hazardous journey was over.

And so with other journeys. I crossed the country from one end to the other, and never was my train late. Every fast train was equipped with a dining saloon, and all night trains with sleeping cars.

I expected to find Berlin the throbbing heart of the Empire. Instead I found the cold, metallic, precise click of a great machine. One gets no impression of personal feelings, personal emotion. Merely the slow, grinding rotation of duties, each carried out with perfunctory energy, but the whole the most magnificent organization the world has yet seen. It is man reduced to an equation of efficiency. Of each individual is required just about one-half the effort of which he is capable. The result is that, not only are they amply provided for any emergency, but that ordinary life is less disturbed than in any other belligerent country.

Berlin is more its true provincial self than at any time since it has become a world capital. The large foreign transient population is lacking, and the immaculately clean white marble ancestors of the present Kaiser, which he has arranged so neatly in rows, *vis-à-vis*, in the Tiergarten, must be content to smile or frown down on the daughters of Berlin dressed "auf Deutscher Art"—in German fashion.

Though the life of the people goes its round undisturbed, in higher circles about the Court all social life has ceased, except for small parties given for the entertainment of officers invalided home. Officers on leave without serious cause I saw none, so that the war conversations lack the thrill

of personal contact with a real warrior fresh from the trenches, who, speaking in the first person, recounts his adventures to admiring listeners. The wounded who reach Berlin are an unusually reticent lot, compared with those in other cities, though they must be the heroes of the war, for every other soldier in the capital has been decorated with the Iron Cross. In fact, not to have the big black and tin-edged bauble dangling from a long black-and-white ribbon from the third buttonhole of the "field-gray" tunic, is becoming a mark of especial distinction. The national song will have to be changed to "Kreuzland, Kreuzland über Alles" if the war continues, a wit has recently suggested. Whether the Emperor prefers his Prussians to his Bavarian or other troops, as has been suggested, is difficult to say, though the fact remains that one sees many more Iron Crosses in Berlin than in any other city of the empire.

The striking absence of a warlike spirit in the capital, a certain emptiness and lack of enthusiasm, can be explained in part by the fact that the Emperor, established at his *Grosses Hauptquartier*, then somewhere on the Western front, has taken with him as part of his staff his Prime Minister, Minister for Foreign Affairs, &c., in all, I am told, some 300 persons. Here in a little asbestos hut for the Emperor and other even less desirable and cramped quarters for his Ministers, the whole executive administration of Germany is being carried on. Berlin, politically speaking, is merely a deserted annex of "Head-quarters."

That the empire suffers thereby, particularly in its foreign affairs, was told me by a distinguished German. The open criticism of German diplomacy by all classes seemed to me extraordinary. That the "haute fi-

nance" was not advised of the war in due time, in order to call in loans, &c., rankles in their minds. That the country was not informed of the English "point of view" or was falsely advised is felt bitterly. In fact, German diplomats are in such disrepute at the present moment that I heard more than one person emphatically declare, "We will have no diplomatic peace"; and I know that the great industrial, banking, and commercial men of Germany expect to be consulted, should the occasion arise. For not a man of them but believes that the end will be favorable.

Yet strangely enough one hears little talk of victory, little boasting over the prowess of the German arms, and, stranger still to a foreigner, the Emperor's name rarely, if ever, figures in the conversation. In point of popularity with the people he ranks about fifth. Hindenburg, the victor in Poland, is of course the national hero, though among the well-informed, his Chief of Staff, Ludendorff, is given the credit for these victories. For the war on the Eastern frontier is, to the Berliner, of far more interest and import than the campaign on the Western front. Next comes the Crown Prince, and nothing could attest to his rising fame more strikingly than the fact that the bristling moustaches "à la Kaiser" have practically disappeared, all officers having clipped their moustaches to the "toothbrush" style worn by the heir to the Imperial Throne. After him, and running a close third, comes Count Zeppelin, the man who has made England shiver and quake with fear, and mope about in the dark, to the delight of all Berliners. Then, Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria and the Crown Prince of Wurtemberg, both having proved themselves great military leaders. Then the Emperor.

The Crown Princess is undoubtedly the most popular woman Germany has

had since the days of "Queen Louise." "The Smile of Berlin," as she is called, and her four sturdy little sons, all in military dress, arouse the wildest enthusiasm whenever they appear.

II. GERMAN RESERVES OF STRENGTH.

After six months of war Germany seems to me almost as strong as on the first day, closely united, little disturbed. The civil life of the nation appears to continue as in time of peace.

To under-estimate Germany's military reserve strength would be very short-sighted. Military authorities state that her class of 1915, some 750,000 able-bodied, picked men, has not been called out. Apart from these, the numbers of "untrained Landwehr and Landsturm" would run into millions. Though arms and ammunition factories are working night and day, I have it from a reliable source that Germany is only just beginning to use her 1914 small arms ammunition.

In connection with the question of ordnance it is interesting that I was unable to find a single person, military, official, or otherwise, who had actually seen one of the 42cm. mortars which are supposed so quickly to have reduced Belgian and French fortresses. That two or three such guns exist was affirmed by all, but whether they are a success seems questionable. The photographs of the large batteries seen everywhere, pretending to be the famous Krupp 42cm. guns, are, in reality, not German at all, but Austrian from the Skoda Works at Pilsen, and are 30.5cm. in calibre. They have been of great service to Germany because of the ease of transportation by motor-lorries. They have done practically all the work credited to their larger and more notorious confrères.

The question of the deficiency of copper is being vigorously met by the opening up of mines which, in ordinary times, could not be profitably

worked, but are able now to provide a material increase in the supply of that metal. Other sources of copper, such as pots and pans and telegraph wires, are being considered as of possible service, and, as a German acquaintance remarked to me, pointing to a building with a domed copper roof that was something of an eyesore, "That may be a failure architecturally, but it is invaluable as a copper mine."

The seizure of Galicia by the Russians, and the consequent stoppage of the supply of petrol, was one of the severest blows to Germany, which relies chiefly on motor transport for military purposes, and particularly for its aeroplanes and Zeppelins, not to mention the countless motors used for private purposes. It is unquestionably true that the situation was serious. For a time all private motor traffic was at a standstill. But now benzol, as it is called, which is easily and cheaply obtained in great quantities from coal, has taken the place of petrol. The coal is thereby converted to coke, and, with painstaking thoroughness, the German Government set about to find a market for the great coke supply that was thus created. Locomotives are being converted to burn coke economically in place of coal, as are other steam engines and furnaces. So that to-day, notwithstanding the enormous consumption of benzol for military use, the supply is more than equal to the demand, and taxi-cab and other motor traffic has again resumed almost normal proportions.

The question of wheat and other cereals, of which there is an undoubted scarcity, is more complicated. Patriotism, though fervent in Germany, never for a moment transcends financial self-interest. And so the seizure of the cereal supply by the Government was absolutely necessary

in order to prevent prices from becoming prohibitive. That this measure was so long delayed and not taken the first day of the war, as advocated by the leading German economists, is due to the influence of the Agrarian Party. The wheat supply is far shorter than is generally known, as the last harvest, though heralded as extraordinarily good, was, as a matter of fact, below the average. The small farmer, misled by false reports, and believing in a large supply of grain, used much corn as fodder for cattle, and the only way to check this was by Government intervention. It will surprise many to know, on the authority of an eminent economist, that, had the measures not been taken in time, only enough wheat remained in the country to satisfy the demand up to March 15.

It must be remembered, however, that wheat bread is not the staple food of the country, and that the supply of rye is more plentiful. Rumania is being coaxed to supplement the deficit, and, I am told, Russian merchants of German sympathies have managed to ship considerable quantities to Baltic ports. Bread is undoubtedly disappearing from the German table, and, what is perhaps more interesting, is daily becoming more indigestible and inedible. As the Oberbürgermeister of one of the chief industrial centres in Southern Germany told me:—"We want our bread to be nourishing, but it must no longer be a *Leckerbissen* (tit-bit) for the people." And, with true German thoroughness, this particular Lord Mayor has succeeded, for in his city the bread is the worst in all Germany!

Ever since the beginning of the present war the thinking people of Germany have been asking themselves:—"In case of a long-continued struggle, cut off, as we undoubtedly shall be, from our customary imports, can

we hold out?" For with the entrance of England into the conflict every German realized that it was a life and death struggle, and that the matter of an adequate food supply would be vital. Already, in September, the *englischer Aushungerungsplan*, perhaps best translated according to the German mind, by "The English endeavor to starve Germany, man, woman, and child, to death," became the object of academic solicitude. Investigation was made, and it was determined exactly how many calories (88,649 thousand millions) and how many tons *Eiweiss* (protein) (2,261,900 tons) were required to keep the population alive for one year. And it was ascertained that, under normal conditions, 20 per cent of the calories and 28 per cent of the protein had to be supplied from abroad. To devise a plan for making up the deficit and to make the country self-supporting has been the chief endeavor of many of Germany's leading economists. The problem is one to delight the German mind.

Every possible effort is being made to preserve for the future such perishable stores as are now in the market. It has been carefully determined whether, under given conditions, it will be more advantageous to keep a cow alive and obtain milk, butter, and cheese from day to day, and the meat at some future time, or, by slaughtering it, to save the food which it would consume and which might be of greater caloric value to man. With all seriousness it is being urged that Germans should be content to use less starch in their laundries, as this means a definite saving of possible foodstuffs (potatoes and rice). Every German housewife is invited to attend lectures where a more tasty and nutritiously advantageous method of cooking vegetables is scientifically explained. An understanding of Ger-

man character will preclude any possibility of drawing rash conclusions that these measures mean that Germany is on the verge of starvation. It must be remembered that the German is so accustomed to police regulations, so used to being told what to do, and how to do it, that it is incumbent on the Government to take precautionary measures to ensure a steady and well-balanced food supply long before they are actually needed. This is what is taking place.

In the early months of the war "starvation" was only discussed by theorists; but, with the beginning of the fifth month the stern reality of the actual possibility of a deficiency of food was impressed on the people by a series of official proclamations. By the cutting off of supplies from abroad the Germans have been thrown back on themselves. They realize that they must now rely on themselves alone, and yet I found no weakening of spirit anywhere, but rather a grim determination to fight to the bitter end.

III. HATRED OF ENGLAND.

"Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned." A well-known German quoted these words to me in order to explain the hatred of the Germans toward their English cousins.

I had made it an especial object of inquiry to discover how the Germans really feel, and whether the "Hymn of Hate" finds a true echo among them. I questioned all sorts and conditions of men—ministers, artists, bankers, merchants, professors, waiters, porters, railway guards, &c., and the most surprising result was that, though among the "people" the feeling against England is that of a living antagonism, summed up in the words "they want to starve us," it is in the highest social, intellectual, and political circles that the hatred flames forth with brutal ferocity.

"Never, never," exclaimed a young man still in the thirties, though occupying an important post, "do I hope, do I expect to see a renewal of friendship with England."

"We have been the dupes of British duplicity," a banker remarked to me. "We hoped, we worked for an understanding with Great Britain, and we were nearing our goal when England broke faith with us."

"The English are a race of cowards. They would not dare to fight us single-handed." An influential writer fairly hissed the words as he spoke.

Opinions such as these, and many others, all had the same fundamental background. That is, the Germans feel that they have been wronged, abused, fooled, maltreated by England. "With England's aid we could have ruled the world," I heard expressed many times. Their hatred seems to be based on resentment, on disappointment. It has in it a feminine quality not usually associated with the Germanic mind.

Two things struck me most vividly. The first, that the men who were the wildest in their denunciations were those who led closeted lives; that is, the thinking, reasoning men of the land, and the official class. The second, that military men were, as a whole, very contained and reserved in their comments, and I found a strange absence of active animosity among the commercial and industrial men of the country. In view of the fact that the military and commercial men are supplying the sinews of the present war, conditions are perhaps less strained than they appear on the surface. Many of the latter declared to me that, in their opinion, the hatred against England had gone too far:—"We must live and trade again after the war, and England was one of our best customers," sums up the feelings of many.

A singular feature of this hatred is the awkward and childish manner of its manifestation, due in part to a total lack of a sense of proportion among the Germans. They treat a "bagatelle" with the same seriousness as the most grave question of national importance.

This characteristic is illustrated in the case of General von Beseler. He is one of the most capable military men in Germany. His conduct of the siege, and the speed with which he reduced the fortress of Antwerp, supposed to be one of the strongest in Europe, are signal proofs of his ability. Yet von Beseler's name is rarely heard, and the reason I am told is as follows:—When Antwerp surrendered, instead of the usual military formalities, a gentleman in a silk hat informally rode out of the gates of the city and advised the Germans that there was no one left in authority, and, as he was the Mayor of the city, he invited the Germans to come in. The disappointment, not so much at the escape of the garrison, but that the fortress was not surrendered with the pomp and circumstance befitting the occasion, overshadowed all other considerations. "The fortress of Antwerp surrendered by a man in a silk hat!" the officer telling me of the incident, kept repeating again and again.

This curious quality tends to make the Germans, on the one hand, the most easily governed of all modern peoples, the most amenable to discipline and order; but it has the drawback of warping judgment and befogging public opinion, so that in a crisis a partial collapse is very liable to bring about a catastrophe to the nation.

The whole German system has been built up with the idea of a strong man at the helm—a virtual dictator of public affairs, and, still more im-

portant, of public opinion—a Bismarck. In times of peace the present Emperor played this part admirably, chiefly because of his versatility. Since the beginning of the war no one has recognized more clearly than William II. himself that he was not equal to the task. That he should have stepped into the background, hoping that "the great and glorious year," as the Germans are wont to call 1914, would produce a great man, is perhaps a tribute to his political acumen. Up to the present it would appear that the great man has not been found. This is of deeper concern to many Germans than they are willing to admit. Their one consolation is that, according to their way of thinking, their enemies are in the same straits.

The dearth of statesmen in modern Germany is partly traceable to the industrial and military expansion of the State. The more gifted and intelligent men, those endowed with shrewdness, sound judgment, and, above all, quick decision, have entered the field of industrialism. The slower, more ponderous lovers of precision and order have, when socially practicable, been absorbed by the Army.

In so rigid a system of life as the German, where each man conscientiously does his small share, the matter of leadership in normal times is to some extent unimportant; but in the present difficulties the absence of a far-seeing leader is felt keenly. As one rather Radical thinker remarked to me, "Of what avail are victories on the field of battle if we have no one who is strong enough, shrewd enough, to steer us through the devious and tortuous paths of peace negotiations?"

The failure of Germany to secure the support of Italy, the loss of Rumanian friendship, the alienation of the sympathy of neutral States, and other equally serious blunders, all prove the absence of a guiding hand.

POMM'S DAUGHTER.

BY CLAIRE DE PRATZ.

CHAPTER I.

The moon shone down upon the narrow balcony that encompassed Jean Pommeret's flat on the fifth floor of a house overlooking the Luxembourg Gardens in Paris. But try as it might, it could not penetrate into Monsieur Pommeret's bedroom, for the old retired officer of the French Navy, although he had travelled several times around the world, had been born and educated in the most conventional of French provinces, and throughout his career retaining his early prejudices, remained convinced that the night air was injurious to the eyesight. Therefore it was his undeviating habit to keep his bedroom window hermetically sealed up. The shutters, also, were fastened close, and in order to oust the too inquisitive moonbeams more completely, thick curtains of faded red rep had been drawn tightly over the window panes inside, so that any small audacious moon-ray that might wish to penetrate into the room was rigorously excluded.

It was nearly two in the morning and the Commandant Jean Pommeret was sleeping the sleep of the just and unemotional, who, having passed the stormy cape of the passions, have earned their right to the possession of wisdom. He was sixty-five years of age and had neither kith, kin, nor a care in the world, and had never known but a single affection in the whole of his life. His sole friend had been Adrien Réville, a bright, good-for-nought whom he had loved, though little esteemed, as is the attitude of so many regarding the affections. After Adrien's death, Jean Pommeret had extended his friendship to Adrien's widow—the noble Françoise—and his daughter, the wilful Jacqueline. But

since these two women had gone to settle in New York with Jacqueline's husband, the famous portrait painter—Oliver Brent, old Pommeret had resumed his former manner of living in undisturbed and lonely solitude.

He was a strange old creature, uncouth and unlovely, but his heart was of virgin gold as his mind was of purest crystal. No babe, just born into this world of sorrows, possessed a more undefiled soul or a more unblemished imagination than this ugly old weather-beaten sailor who had roamed all over the world, elbowing vice and virtue with equal impartiality and unprejudiced indifference, and though he had thus lost all sense of the conventional values of human morality, he had yet retained all his childlike ingenuousness of heart and mind.

Jean Pommeret, who long before had been re-christened plain "Pomm," by the irreverent tongue of Adrien Réville, and who for some impenetrable reason cherished his new appellation dearly, had never known his own parents, for both had died during his babyhood. An only child, without a single close or distant relation in the world, his education had been confided to guardians of languid sympathies who decided, as soon as he was brought back from his foster-mother's country home at the age of six, to entrust him promptly to the vigilant care of a State Lycée, where henceforth the child became a mere cipher in a class of forty babes. Here he pliantly passed through the rigid, prison-like routine which dispenses knowledge though not necessarily education among the youth of the nation, conscientiously imbibing all that was offered to his young brain by oral teaching and by book-learning. But no

feminine influence taught him tenderness, for no woman's love came near him. He was the typical product of a Lycée curriculum and discipline, and if he possessed a heart, nothing in his upbringing ever revealed to him that it existed.

When he was fourteen or fifteen years of age, his guardians asked him if he had any special wish concerning his own future career. As he had of late been interested in some books of travel which he had discovered in the Lycée library and devoured during holiday-time, he answered almost at random and without eagerness, that he would like to be a sailor. So as neither of his guardians had any reason to wish to thwart him, he was taken at his word and put through the necessary course without further advice or discussion. Before many years had passed he was transformed into a spruce, well-conditioned, though very plain, "*aspirant de Marine*." And here was young Jean Pommeret, a full-blown naval officer at twenty, without a friend, without a care, without a responsibility or an affection in the world.

He performed his naval functions to the best of his ability, with no special interest or ardor, doing his duty, but neither more nor less. For forty years he served his time in the Navy diligently and faithfully, and at the age of sixty had undergone the unpleasant yet necessary operation of "having his ear split," which, in the slang parlance of *l'Administration*, means "taking one's pension and leaving one's work alone." After this, he had retired to live in Paris—that Mecca of all French functionaries. And then—then only—after a lifetime spent in patient, devoted, dispassionate service to unloved work, Pomm at last found his long hoped-for freedom to yield himself up henceforth to his one and only passion. For of course,

throughout the long, dreary period of his Lycée-trained youth and through all the protracted desolate years of his naval duties and loveless maturity, Pomm had cherished a passion, deep down in his tight old bosom—a passion which no human being had ever guessed at—for there was no one in the world who cared sufficiently for him to inquire what it might be. But Pomm himself had always known that it was there and had cherished and hugged it in silent determination, till the hour for its fruition should come and he could proudly own to its existence. And now the time had come—the long-awaited moment of Pomm's liberty from thralldom—and he could revel and delight in his fervent and adorable joy without restraint of alien discipline. For Pomm's passion was books . . . books . . . books . . . and books yet again and books and books once more. . . . He would never tire of them, never. How could one ever tire of such imperishable delight as the possession of them and the freedom to dip into their flow of joy and forgetfulness at any time or hour of the day? How could one ever tire of living with them, always surrounded by large numbers of them, and of discovering, unearthing, nosing at new ones day by day without interruption or interference?

And it was because in Paris alone he could assuage his unholy thirst for books that he decided to go and live in the capital after he left the Navy. And in the Latin quarter, too—as near to the bookstalls of the quays and to the old book shops as he could be! And since the bounteous hour when he had shaken himself free from all shackles, Pomm had lived only to revel in the discovery and in the acquisition of new volumes of books . . . books . . . books. . . . ! For these to him were more than mistress, wife or friend or parents or children

or, indeed, any kind of human love at all, and had replaced all the affections which other men enjoy, but which Pomm himself had never known.

And thus had Pomm lived for the last five years in his small, untidy flat near the Luxembourg Gardens, content among his books—of which now he had vast numbers—his malodorous Maryland cigarettes and his funny little pleasures, which consisted in an occasional cheap seat at the Théâtre Français or the Odéon, and in regular courses of lectures at the Sorbonne or Collège de France, besides his long daily stations along the book-lined quays. He had not a single acquaintance in the whole of Paris or even France, and rarely conversed with any human beings other than the waiters at the small restaurant where he took his meals, and Mélanie, his *conciérge* and *femme de ménage*, whose garrulity was as remarkable as Pomm's own paucity of words.

Pomm's room was hot and stuffy, being filled three parts with books in addition to the indispensable furniture. Great heaps of them arose from floor to ceiling, untidily, in heavy, swaying piles, surrounding and encasing the pieces of furniture and encumbering all the spare space of the floor. There were at least two or three dozen of them on the table by the side of Pomm's bed, besides another three or four odd volumes which Pomm had been reading when he fell asleep, that had sunk deep down into the billowy softness of the square, fat elder-down quilt covered with Turkey twill, occupying the centre of his bed and looking like an abnormally obese cushion. Pomm's grisly old head rested on the crumpled pillow in all the quiet abandon of slumber. His rough gray hair and beard, his ugly old face with its fantastically long nose and irregular mouth making up an *ensemble* which, if far from beautiful, gave an impres-

sion of such natural kindliness and benevolence that it called for immediate sympathy. It is said that the real nature of the man is imprinted upon his sleeping face, and even Pomm's closed eyes seemed to irradiate kindliness and gentle and benevolent tolerance for all human failings. His mouth, slightly opened, revealed the proud possession of a sole remaining front fang in the top row. He breathed heavily. One may even go so far as to say that he snored. Perhaps he was dreaming of danger and adventure, for his breath grew troubled and he turned uneasily upon his pillow. Did he fear robbers? One might almost have believed that he did, for he stirred again, more uneasily still, probably believing that wicked house-breakers were trying to gain admittance into his flat by the front entrance. Now he seemed distinctly to hear a rumbling noise proceeding from the *antichambre*. Steps, careful, cautious and stealthy, seemed to be drawing nearer and nearer. Surely there were robbers in the house now—perhaps trying to get at his most precious volumes and make away with them! "*Eh, là! au voleur! . . . au voleur!*" he cried in his sleep, though no sound issued forth from between his lips.

"I shall have to get up and chase those thieves," he muttered to himself again. This time he spoke in a blurred whisper.

But the thought was mightily unpleasant to him, for he preferred the snug warmth of his bed to the cold chilliness of the *antichambre*. He turned between the sheets, trying to rid himself of so unpleasant an impression, steeling his auditory nerves against the unwelcome sounds.

"I must only be dreaming! . . ." he muttered, and settled himself once more into the coziness of his bed.

But now the distant sounds persisted

and grew nearer and nearer. Now, he could actually discern steps—discreet, wary, cautious. . . . Now, indeed, someone was in the very act of turning the handle of his bedroom door. Clearly it was not the moment to hesitate! Even though he was not quite awake, Pomm felt that it was his duty to inquire who was thus invading his abode at dead of night!

"*Qui va là?*" he growled in a husky voice, still thick with slumber.

"*C'est moi!*" came the cheerful reply, to Pomm's amazement.

He was now fully aroused at last, and opening his eyes perceived a most wonderful and fearful vision that seemed to arise from the foot of his bed, illumined by the rays of some fitful light that it held in its shadowy hands.

Pomm's lower jaw dropped. He gazed in silence upon the apparition, transfixed with horror, yet keenly anxious to hear what it would have to say for itself. Even though hardly capable of collecting his thoughts and defining his impressions even to himself, he dimly felt some astonishment at the familiarity it showed.

"*C'est moi!*" the vision spoke once more. "*C'est moi, Monsieur Pommeret. Don't you recognize me?*"

Pomm gazed once more in cold horror. Then the vision actually knew him—was addressing him in the voice of some old friend? Perhaps, indeed, *was* an old friend come back to visit him from beyond the regions of death! Oh! the unspeakable terror of it! And yet nothing in his memory answered to the call of the awful apparition before him! The form was that of a tall, gaunt female with wisps of gray hair falling unkempt about her face from beneath a close-fitting, dirty linen night-cap, tied beneath her shapeless face with two long, narrow strings. Her amorphous figure was clothed in a gray cotton bed-jacket and short red flannel

petticoat that barely reached her thin, scraggy ankles. Her long, stringy feet were bare and thrust into wide felt slippers.

But the voice—the voice was so strangely familiar!

"Don't be afraid, Monsieur. . . . It is only I—Mélanie!"

Pomm gazed again. What abominable joke was the creature playing upon him? What was this unholy wraith that declared itself to be Mélanie—his spruce and comfortable-looking *concierge* whose trim waist, smooth high-piled hair and flashing white teeth were the admiration and envy of every other *concierge* in the street? What terrible nightmare must hold him, for him to see her thus? No! It must be Mélanie's ghost, he told himself. Indeed, he must have eaten something mightily indigestible at the restaurant last night, for his dreams to take so horrible a form! For surely *this* was not Mélanie—indeed could have nothing in common with her, whatever name it might call itself by—even though it addressed him in a voice so strangely like hers! Pomm tried to gather together his stunned and scattered senses.

Yet, if by chance this *thing* truly were Mélanie—then where were her smooth coils of neat brown hair? Those hideous, unkempt wisps of grayish hair were surely not hers? And where were the flashing white teeth that her beaming smile always revealed? For the loose and flabby lips of the vision before him seemed incapable of closing round the vast black cavern that presumably was its mouth! Even with his waking thought so inchoate and scattered, Pomm had yet the presence of mind to put such questions to himself. If, indeed, this were Madame Mélanie—then something dreadfully tragic must have happened to her since he had last seen her in her cozy lodge that evening! For where were her hair, her

figure, her teeth? And all those other attractive details that made up the charm of her winsome personality?

"Do not fear, Monsieur! It is indeed *Mélanie*." The vision spoke reassuringly. Pomm—now sufficiently aroused—shook himself up and raised his head from the pillow.

With the movement, total consciousness returned. But his amazement was still greater, if possible, than before! While still in the realms of slumber, he might be pardoned for taking *Mélanie*'s new incarnation for a ghost. But fully awake, in complete possession of his senses, he could not reconcile himself to the horrible spectacle. The distorted presentment of *Mélanie* now proceeded to explain her invasion of Monsieur Pommeret's flat in such garb and at such an hour.

"I beg Monsieur's pardon. But I could not do otherwise. I let myself in with the key of Monsieur's flat, which I keep in the lodge. I have come to ask help of Monsieur. I know his kindness of heart. *Voilà* . . ."

"I shall be very happy to be of service to you, Madame *Mélanie*," replied the excellent Pomm gallantly, wondering what manner of service she might require at this hour of the night.

"Well, Monsieur, the poor widow lady who lives just above your flat is dying!"

"What widow?" inquired Pomm somewhat sharply. He was quite willing to oblige *Mélanie* herself, but rather resented being disturbed in the middle of the night with the affairs of widows whom he did not even know!

"The widow lady who gives English lessons and who does such beautiful embroidery, and who has lived for the last seven years in the small *logement* above you," replied *Mélanie*, pointing upwards. "*La pauvre dame!* She is very ill indeed! It was her little daughter, Mam'zelle Maryvonne, who ran down to the *loge* ten minutes ago cry-

ing bitterly and saying that her mother was dreadfully ill, was moaning and could not speak! The child is so desperately frightened that she implores me not to leave her alone with her poor mother and yet someone must go for medical help! One can't let a Christian woman die like a dog in the night! My daughter Marie has to keep the lodge for me and there is no one else to fetch a doctor. I thought as Monsieur was always so kind to everyone that perhaps he would go. . . . It would be a deed of charity, I assure you, Monsieur," implored *Mélanie* in tearful accents. "*La pauvre dame!* She can't last long now!"

Pomm lost no time in making up his mind. Heedless of the visionary *Mélanie*'s presence he sprang out of bed.

"Tell me what doctor I must fetch? Where does he live?" he cried.

Mélanie, turning to go, cried out the address of the doctor and made for the abode of her dying lodger. Pommeret, being a precise and orderly man, sought for his note-book in the pocket of his great-coat, which hung on a peg near his bed, and wrote down the address. Then he clothed himself rapidly and flew for Doctor Maréchal.

CHAPTER II.

When Pomm had returned with Dr. Maréchal—who was somewhat irate at being awakened out of his first sleep—he sped past his own abode and mounted the stairs which led to the flat just above his. It was the first time he had gone beyond his own door since he had come to live in the house.

The hall-door was ajar and a small *lampe Pigeon* burned upon the hall table, within the *antichambre*. Pomm advanced softly towards the half-closed door of a room from which shot the gleam of a softly shaded lamp. The doctor's attention was immediately turned to his patient and Pomm, conscious of his incompetence and useless-

ness, set to examining the room he had just invaded. Two other persons were there besides himself and the doctor—Mélanie and a young girl, almost a child, whose tearful face was marked with strong character in spite of her tender years and whom Pomm rightly supposed to be the daughter of the sick woman. They bent over the bed trying to minister to the wants of the sufferer, who was breathing heavily and at times stertorously. Dr. Maréchal was trying all that was possible to relieve the pain of his patient while Mélanie held high aloft the rose-shaded lamp that illumined the faces of the dying woman and of the child kneeling by the side of the bed, holding one of her mother's cold, listless hands between her own, expectant of every issuing breath that passed from the sufferer's pallid lips. Pomm, inactive, stood still, fearing to seem obtrusive yet anxious to remain in case he might be of some practical use. He fell back a few steps staring around him, and though his eyes rested upon the objects near him, his brain did not take in their significance, for he possessed not one spark of observation. The room was simply and sparsely furnished though it bore the stamp of taste and refinement. Against the background of a striped wall-paper of a faint bluish tinge was an *armoire à glace* of waxed walnut wood and a small table with two chairs to match. In one angle of the room stood an old Louis XVI writing-desk of plain walnut, filled with many drawers and provided with a writing-slab that held a few simple writing materials. Everything in the room was in a perfect condition of neatness, order and cleanliness. This struck even the unobservant Pomm.

The oaken floor was brightly polished, its centre being covered with a small square of old *Savonnerie* carpet in faded tones of gray and blue. Between the two windows that were

velled with plain net and at the sides of which hung straight curtains of blue tapestry, was a *chaise longue* in two pieces similarly covered in blue. There were several small *lingerie* cushions at the head of the *chaise longue* and a woolwork footstool in blended faded tones on the floor beside it. That was all. It was essentially a room where a Frenchwoman of limited means but of refined and fastidious tastes had lived a quiet and retired life. There were two doors in the room beside the one that led into the *antichambre* and one of these, now half-opened, presumably led into a dressing-room, while the other near to the head of the bed communicated with another smaller bedroom beyond. A dim light burned there now and Pomm caught a furtive glance of a narrow bed partly covered with pink drapery and partly thrown open revealing the whiteness of linen sheets. But he reverently turned his gaze away from that sanctuary, divining it to be the room of the young girl, now crouching in terror and apprehension close to her mother's bed.

And Pomm now turned to contemplate the dying woman. The labored breathing had gradually subsided; the watchers looked with awe upon the pallid unconscious face, and those who knew the signs of approaching death resignedly awaited the end. They knew that nothing more could be done now, for all human effort was useless. The child alone—gazing with consternation and anxious solicitude upon her mother's prostrate, inert form—seemed to await some change for the better. For some moments the trembling group around the bed remained motionless and silent, for all awaited a change, the girl alone not realizing what the mystery would be. Then suddenly a tiny gasp of relief ended the sufferer's life.

Not one of the waiting group moved. And yet the girl did not understand.

After a few moments of awed silence, the doctor turned to the child, who was still crouching by the bed—her wide eyes wild with terror—gazing into her mother's face yet not realizing what had happened. Then as no one dared to take the responsibility of telling her, the doctor moved towards her:

"All is over, my child," he said gently. "You had better come away now."

But the girl, as if not understanding what he was saying, still knelt on the floor by the bedside, gazing with blanched face in consternation upon the still face of the dead:

"*Pauvre dame! pauvre dame!* . . ." broke in Mélanie's tearful voice. Then turning to the child:

"Poor dear Mademoiselle Maryvonne! . . ." And she held out her hands to her.

But Maryvonne still cowering with fright pressed nearer still to her dead mother and refused to move.

"No, no," she spoke in a soft hushed whisper. "I must not leave her. . . . I must not. . . . When she wakes she will be sure to want me."

The doctor and Mélanie exchanged glances questioningly but neither said a word, for neither could find a word to help her.

And the child's eyes were fixed on the beloved face and their gaze, though haunted with fear, seemed still eagerly expectant, as if she awaited the moment when her mother would open her eyes once more. Mélanie and the doctor stood by breathless, neither daring to thrust aside and dispel for ever the child's lingering doubts.

Several moments passed. The tense silence was oppressive.

Then suddenly—prompted by some swift totally new intuition—Pomm, who had never volunteered to speak to anyone in his life and had never taken an initiative of any kind, came forward and laying his arms around the

shuddering shoulders of the still wondering, spellbound child.

"Your dear mother is dead, my dear," he said gently. "Be consoled in the thought that she died so peaceful and painless a death. She is happier now."

What caused Pomm, the shy, reserved and silent man, to speak thus, he could never have explained. But his voice seemed suddenly to recall Maryvonne's stunned senses to reality. She rose slowly from her knees and turning towards him, before he could realize her intention had thrown herself into his arms.

"Oh! Monsieur! Is it true? My poor, dear Mother! I am all alone in the world now!"

The desolation of her words seemed to strike a vibrant note in old Pomm's unawakened heart. The appeal from her loneliness seemed to arouse the spirit of his own loneliness and forgetting his usual reserve, his natural almost invincible shyness, his abhorrence of expressed feelings, he gathered to him this lonely and abandoned child whose very existence he ignored half an hour before, and leaning over her with all the tenderness of a loving father, gently stroked her hair with his awkward, ineffectual fingers, murmuring the tender faltering words of comfort that suddenly had welled up in his numbed and reticent heart.

Her pathetic appeal had suddenly melted the snows that so long had frozen around his human emotions, and feeling the warm humanity of Pomm's tenderness so very near to her sorrow, Maryvonne slowly began to awake from her stunned state of incomprehension. Clinging to him as she gazed upon the still, dead face of what was once her mother—a strange repulsion arose in her for the cold listless *Thing* that was now her mother's corpse, but not her dear, warm Mother herself! She clung more desperately still to Pomm

though her eyes never left the quiet form on the bed, yet insensibly, gradually, she drew herself and her new friend gently away from the bedside—from the too near proximity of Death.

But Mélanie, true to the morbid emotion of her class, urged in favor of more conventional, well-ordered bereavement.

"It would be better for Mademoiselle Maryvonne to remain, and according to the custom of her country and religion—to attend the body of her mother throughout the night. It is the right thing for her to do. . . ."

"No . . . no . . ." cried Maryvonne, sobbing and still clinging desperately to Pomm and hiding her tear-blistered face in the safe refuge of his rugged breast—"Let me go away from here with Monsieur. I do not want to stay. . . . I do not want to remember this last dreadful hour. I am sure that my darling mother herself would not have wished it. I want to remember her as living . . . not as dead. . . ."

And appealing to Pomm as if he belonged to her and she to him, greatly to the rather scandalized astonishment of Mélanie and the doctor, who being conventional people, could not understand the old man's sudden championship of the child:

"Take me away, Monsieur," she wailed, "downstairs with you, away from this terrible place. I promise you that I will be quiet and good and will give you no trouble. If you will only stay with me and not leave me! I could not bear to be alone here a single instant. I know that you are good and kind. I have met you often on the stairs and you always smile at me so benevolently! Let me stay with you. . . . Please! . . ."

"Certainly, you shall stay with me, since you wish it, my child," said Pomm in answer to her appeal, speaking in tender soothing accents.

"Promise me that you will not send me away, Monsieur."

"I promise you, dear child, that you shall stay with me as long as you wish."

The sobbing girl flung herself back upon his breast, setting her arms tightly around his neck.

When her passion of weeping was partially spent, Pomm, touched to the depths of his heart by her spontaneous confidence and trust—her slave henceforth—led the weeping, half-distracted child to his own flat and stayed with her comforting and soothing her all through the long hours of the night, having instructed Mélanie and the doctor to attend the last requirements of the dead.

CHAPTER III.

It was in January of the year 1876 that a tall, dark lady—with a very sweet sorrowful expression in her black eyes, and a restrained charm of manner, came to visit the empty flat that was to be let on the top floor of the house where Mélanie Dubois was *concierge*. As soon as she had been shown the three small rooms which, with a tiny kitchen and small *cabinet de toilette*, formed the entire flat, she decided to take it. The rent—for in those days the boom in rents had not yet made Paris one of the most expensive of towns to live in—was but twenty-four pounds per annum. She could offer none of the customary references usually demanded by prospective landlords. She explained that she had lived many years abroad and knew no one in Paris, but she offered to pay six months' rent in advance, and as her general mien was entirely in her favor, she was accepted as a tenant without further questioning. She gave her name as Madame Durand—widow. When the small abode, at her particular request, had been entirely repapered and repainted by the landlord,

she settled in as unobtrusively as she had first entered, and lived there for seven years. During the whole of her tenancy she was as unknown to her neighbors as upon the day of her arrival.

She brought with her a little dark-eyed girl of about five or six years, who was generally supposed to be her daughter, although the new-comer had satisfied nobody's curiosity either upon that point or upon any other. She always paid her rent regularly but never spoke to anybody, making no friends or even acquaintances among her neighbors, and calling not the least attention either to herself or to her actions.

French *concierges* are proverbially inquisitive, and it is indeed part of their much-despised calling to be so, seeing that so many foolish people—and have we not Thomas Carlyle's word for it that there are many such?—often apply to these busybodies for information concerning the peaceful citizens who live behind the portals of which they hold the key. But so far as Madame Durand was concerned, even the curiosity of Madame Mélanie and her satellites formed by the admiring numbers of the other *concierges* of the street was doomed to disappointment. The new *locataire* was—to use Mélanie's own term—"as silent as the door of a prison," and beyond a curt salutation as she passed the lodge daily, never spoke to the *conciierge* at all. So of course nothing could be found out about her. Moreover, she employed neither a servant nor a *femme de ménage*, doing all her housework herself with the help of her little daughter, so that even these useful sources of information were denied to Mélanie. As the weeks and months and years passed by, the autocrat of the lodge was never more advanced in the matter of knowledge concerning the mysterious lady who lived on the fifth floor, and finally all interest in the

dark-eyed lady waned and she became accepted in the house as an enigma into which one could not enquire. Nevertheless, she was a sympathetic mystery and a respected one, since she not only paid her rent regularly but she never received visitors of any kind and never caused irate tradesmen to ring at her door and demand payment of their dues in loud and angry tones, which occurrences not only disturb fellow-residents, but give to the house so bad a name!

After her seven years' residence all that was known of her—and that still only by inference—was that she gave English lessons and worked beautiful embroideries, which two occupations together brought her in a sufficient income to maintain herself and child. As for the little girl she grew in grace and beauty, though in total solitude and severed entirely from the companionship of other children, for her mother never sent her to school. She educated her entirely herself and that presumably well, for the child spoke English fluently and could sew and embroider almost as well as her mother. Though Madame Durand was never rich enough to afford a piano, with all the fervor of a true artist she taught the child how to read music at sight and later to sing small songs in delightful fashion accompanied by herself on the guitar. Madame Durand had taken great pains to develop an exact sense of music in the child. Indeed, the only passion this strange woman ever betrayed was evinced when she sought to inspire her daughter with her own exceptional musical taste.

She was a quaint child with her white face, wild raven locks and fiery black eyes—very much like her mother in feature, though of a darker coloring—and if in her childish face there was less of the *patina* which experience had imprinted upon her mother's saddened

features, and less too of the wistful sweetness which sorrow gives to the nobler souls it touches—she possessed more incipient character, more resolution, and determined hint of a still more acute and original intelligence than her mother.

Thus Madame Durand had lived for years in silence and solitude, and never having volunteered any information concerning herself and her affairs, she was as great a mystery to all her surroundings in the last year of her residence among them, as in the first.

When she died, no one knew whom to inform of her death—her own child least of all. For to her, too, her mother had always been as inaccessible as to others, and she had been told nothing either of her mother's or of her own origin. For just as she had been reticent with her neighbors, Madame Durand had been reticent with her own child. Because she never spoke of her affairs, it had been inferred that she possessed a past, but what it was none could tell. And just as she was mute concerning what was behind her, so was she mute concerning her future intentions and even to her own child had given no explanation of her circumstances.

She had brought up the little girl most carefully—educating her well, in all subjects except religious ones. She never went to church herself, but she taught the child her prayers and after her tenth year sent her every Sunday to attend Mass alone. She spoke English with her always, so that by continued practice the child had obtained a perfect command of the language.

Above all she had inculcated ideas of personal independence in the child concerning the dignity of necessary labor and had always given Maryvonne to understand that eventually she must work for her own living, for she would never have any income but that earned by her own efforts. But she never had

spoken to her child about her own personal affairs or of the reminiscences that so often saddened her, nor had she sought to inculcate those philosophies which the experience of life had revealed to herself. Maryvonne had feared and respected her mother beyond all other feelings, but knew nothing of her heart or inner life.

Once when about eleven years of age—devoured by curiosity and misgivings concerning her own parentage—the child had indeed ventured to question her silent and reserved parent about herself. Madame Durand had replied somewhat peremptorily:

"When you are twenty-one years of age, I will tell you what I think necessary for you to know, my child. Until then you must wait in patience. . . ."

"But, *maman*," persisted Maryvonne, "I should like to know something about my father. Is he still alive?"

For some moments Madame Durand was silent as if preparing a careful reply. Then after a few moments she answered: "I do not know." And as the words passed her lips they seemed to scorch them.

"Oh! *maman*!" gasped Maryvonne at the unexpected admission.

"Since you are cruel enough to question me, my child, I can only answer the truth. . . . I can only tell you what I know myself. Pray question me no further. . . ."

"But, *maman*," the girl persisted, "it is very hard for me to know nothing at all. . . . Can't you tell me *anything*?"

The child's insistence seemed to hurt the proud, taciturn woman's pride, for she winced. But a few moments later she spoke of her own accord falteringly.

"I can only tell you this at present. Your father was a great and noble character. I have never ceased to mourn for him. He disappeared out of my life for ever when you were a few months old. We lived in London

then. . . . I shall tell you nothing more till the time comes. Do not question me any further, my dear child, you pain me intolerably. . . ."

"Forgive me one more question, dear mother, please," insisted the child. "Is our real name *Durand*?"

"That is a question I will answer later also, Maryvonne. I beg you, dear child, question me no further. You pain me deeply."

Maryvonne looking up saw that her mother's sad, dark eyes were heavy with tears. She drew towards her and folded her strong young arms about her.

The mother kissed the daughter's dusky hair in silence.

And the subject was never again resumed between them.

Thus it was that at her mother's death, Maryvonne Durand knew as little about her own personal history as did her neighbors.

Yet though she had been so reserved and silent Madame Durand had inspired those around her with a deep

and lasting regard, and the suddenness of her death was the cause of many unexpected sympathies among her neighbors being shown to her daughter. Maryvonne met with great kindness from all who lived in the house and all who had known the dead woman in the neighborhood. Everyone offered help and assistance through the medium of Madame Mélanie. Flowers were sent from all the *locataires* with kindly, touching messages, for real emotion was felt at the sudden death of the quiet worker who had lived so long among them, who had responded politely and courteously to every salute, though she had never volunteered a single remark to anybody. The dead lady had inspired all around her with respect. For strange to say, in the city where the light woman laughs through life so successfully, much honor and great homage is shown by all to the woman who is strong and brave enough to work for her own bread in ill-remunerated but honest labor.

(To be continued.)

TEMPERANCE REFORM IN RUSSIA.

During the early days of December His Majesty's Ambassador at Petrograd forwarded a despatch to Sir Edward Grey enclosing a "Memorandum on the subject of the Temperance Measures adopted in Russia since the outbreak of the European War." This despatch was made public in a White Paper towards the end of January, and it is not the least important among the many important and interesting publications that have been issued by the Government during the last few months.

In order to understand the despatch it is necessary to remember that, since 1899, the Russian Government have

made the manufacture of spirit a Government monopoly. This action did not exclude private enterprise. The law of 1894 still allowed even foreigners the right to distil and rectify spirits. The output was restricted, and after rectification the spirit had to be delivered to the Government warehouse, where it was bottled and distributed to wholesale and retail dealers. The retail sale of spirits, that is, in glasses, was only permitted in shops controlled and managed by the Government, or in those of private persons specially licensed for the trade. In the Administration Report for the year 1912, the last report available in England, the

number of distilleries throughout the Empire is stated at 2983, an increase of 893, or 42.7 per cent, since the commencement of the monopoly. The number of liquor shops at the end of 1912 was 26,016, or one shop to every 5922 inhabitants. The increase of distilleries is significant. It gives color to the charge frequently made in Russia that the Government officials, through excess of zeal, pressed the erection of vodka shops to an outrageous extent. Three years ago I was told in Moscow that one official went to the length of threatening a certain large village, that had refused to apply for the opening of one of these Government vodka shops, with quartering upon the inhabitants a company of Cossacks. The village council gave way. I had no means of verifying the truth of this story, which was told me by a high official. I give it now, with every reserve, simply to illustrate the charges made against the Government monopoly of the drink trade.

Before the War there had been a growing agitation in favor of Temperance Reform. The peasant deputies in the Duma had urged consistently that there should be a yearly decrease in the output of alcohol and an extension of local option to every village throughout the Empire. One or two resolutions of a very drastic character were passed in the Duma. One resolution, in addition to asserting the rights of local options, demanded that *all private dealing in liquor should be forbidden, and only one bottle containing less than half a pint of spirit should be sold to any one individual on the same day*. In the second resolution the Government were called upon to reduce the vodka shops by one-half in any district where there was a failure of crops. Where the failure had been very great the sale of liquor should be suppressed for a period not exceeding five years. These and similar resolutions were embodied

in a Bill in 1913, and were sent to the Upper Chamber with certain amendments. The Government objected upon grounds that have a familiar ring in this country—the people would not stand any trifling with their vodka, the cost to the country in revenue and the loss to subsidiary industries would be prohibitive, and so on. Nevertheless the Government, at the commencement of last year, to the surprise of all, actually favored reforms of a drastic character. These primarily concerned the admission of the principle of local option, and, *inter alia*, allowed women to vote in these matters in the village councils. This latter concession, if the experience of New Zealand is any guide, would have assured the application of wide-reaching reform, if not of prohibition. The War came before the Bill embodying these reforms became law.

It is at this point that Sir George Buchanan's despatch becomes illuminating.

With the publication of the order for a general mobilization of the land and sea forces of the Empire, all wine shops, beer saloons, and Government vodka shops were closed, and the sale of all intoxicants absolutely prohibited except in first-class restaurants and hotels until the completion of the War.

This order, with varying modifications, remained in force at the date of the ambassadorial despatch. The chief modification, and that a highly important one, was published on the 3rd (16th) of September. It was then notified that his Imperial Majesty had been pleased "to prohibit the sale of spirits and vodka *until the end of the War*." Captain Rowland Smith, whose Memorandum upon the subject forms the chief part of Sir George Buchanan's despatch, writes: "The sale of all spirits is absolutely forbidden. Vodka is unobtainable, and the existing monopoly for its manufacture and sale is

to cease." The latter part of the second sentence is worthy of note. If it is taken literally, in connection with what is declared elsewhere as to the temporary character of the reform, it means, at the end of the War, that a return to private enterprise in the distillation of alcohol is contemplated.

The sale of wine and beer has not been prohibited "except in places under martial law, or in a state of siege, or within the sphere of military operations." The sale has been placed at the discretion of the local bodies. "The Press daily report from all parts of the country the closure by local option of wine shops, beer saloons, etc. In many cases the prohibition is for all time, but in the majority of cases provisionally until the end of the War." The Municipal Council of Petrograd is cited as an instance in point. There the sale of wine and beer is restricted to forty-nine first-class hotels and restaurants, and there is a rumor that this number may be shortly reduced by half. Light wine (16 per cent strength) may be sold between 10 A.M. and 6 P.M. except on Saturdays and on the Eves of Festivals. On Sundays and Festivals the sale of all intoxicants (except in the forty-nine hotels) is forbidden. The shops must remain shut. The closing hours for hotels and restaurants on all days is 11 P.M.

The punishment for illegal sale of alcoholic liquor is a fine of 3,000 roubles, or imprisonment, the closing of the licensed house, and the perpetual disqualification of the licensee. All liquors purchased in an hotel or restaurant must be consumed on the premises. No drink must be supplied to any customer in an evident state of insobriety, under the extreme penalty referred to above; while any intoxicated person at large in the streets or public places is liable to a "fine of 100 roubles, or, in default, three weeks' arrest."

The excise duty on beer has been increased from 1 rouble 70 cents (about 2s. 9d.) per "pood" (36.11 lb.) of malt extract to 6 roubles (about 12s.), and the percentage of alcohol has been reduced from 9 per cent to 3.7 per cent. The extreme penalty for the preparation or sale of beer of greater strength than above stated is six months' imprisonment.

The other temperance measures which have been adopted are as follows:

Numbers of beer saloons and third-class eating and drinking houses in the towns of Russia have been compulsorily closed by order of local public bodies, with the sanction of the Government, and the number of streets in which the opening of such establishments is prohibited has been increased. The sale of all liquors has been forbidden in the vicinity of barracks, camps, military training areas, public market-places, and of all categories of educational establishments. The sale of intoxicants in third-class railway restaurants, except where there are second- and first-class restaurants also, is forbidden, and in all classes of railway restaurants the sale of beer or wine is limited to a specified period previous to the arrival and subsequent to the departure of a train. The same regulations apply to restaurants on wharves and to the bars on steamers during their stay at any point of call. Licenses for music and other entertainments in popular restaurants and beer saloons will be granted with extreme caution and in restricted numbers. The sale of beer in public baths will no longer be allowed. On all occasions of public assembly (elections, fair days, sittings of the local courts or boards) the sale of beer or wine in the village or township concerned will be prohibited.

From the Russian experiment there emerge several interesting facts bearing upon the British phase of the problem of Temperance Reform. The first fact concerns the Chancellor of the Exchequer. A first-class nation has been

found ready to shoulder a huge loss of revenue in order to break down the drink evil. That in Russia the State was the monopolist producer, and the main distributor of alcohol, does not affect materially the situation. The financial sacrifice in any case is made by the people themselves. How great that sacrifice was in Russia may be gathered from the following figures: In the year 1912 the spirit monopoly showed as gross receipts 823,985,828 roubles—about the same as the gross receipts from the Government railways. Deducting working expenses, the net revenue to the State was 626,408,464 roubles (about 70,000,000*l.*). These figures work out at 3.93 roubles (8*s.* 4*d.*) net revenue per head of population, or about one-fifth of the ordinary revenue of the Empire. Seventy millions is a sum that might stagger any Ministry of Finance in a time of peace. To find such a sum in war-time appears almost as hopeless as one of the tasks laid by some bad fairy in Grimm's *Fairy Tales* upon a worthy but hapless prince. And even those figures do not represent the whole financial problem involved. Industries dependent upon the manufacture of alcohol—the production of rye, potatoes, and such-like—must suffer. It might open a wide field for dispute, in which the main issue would be lost, to attempt to compare in detail the relative taxable character of the British and the Russian Empire. Allowing for variations as great as it is possible to conceive, the relative problem of raising 70,000,000*l.* for a social reform would not be greatly dissimilar in either country. The stupendous fact is that one of the great nations of the world has considered it worth while to make the sacrifice.

Another fact emerging from the Russian action is that the State exploitation of the drink traffic rendered immediate reform more easy. It has been seen that this exploitation opened the

way to abuses not less serious than those connected with private ownership, but it is conceivable that it would have been possible in this country, for instance, where private ownership prevails, to have effected a similar reform with similar speed and completeness? It is conceivable that the British people, if deeply moved, would not be deterred by "the Trade," nor would boggle at the price of reform. But the fact remains that the Russian people were stirred, and they found it easier to act with promptitude under conditions of State ownership than we should do with our system of private enterprise.

The part taken by the Russian peasantry in the Temperance Reform movement is another salient fact in the situation. It is not easy for an Englishman to assess the quality or quantity of the popular voice in a country where the conditions of life are so different from those with which he is familiar. It is often far too readily assumed that the Russian peasantry have no voice whatever in public affairs. A few days ago one of the leading Northern papers, commenting upon the subject of this article, ventured upon this enthusiastic statement: "By one word the Czar, who has always been a firm and earnest advocate of temperance, decreed that never more should the unrestricted sale of drink take place in his vast Empire." This is something approaching nonsense. Before the War, in Russia, there were restrictions enough of a sort upon the sale of strong drink, and the prohibition of the sale of spirits and vodka, if the White Paper is to be taken as a reliable guide, ceases to be operative at the end of the War. The truth is, the British public are not yet seized with the fact that the Russian form of government is much more primitive than that of any other European nation. The Russian people look behind every political organization and

power in their country to the person of their Monarch, and their personal support of their Monarch in the present movement seems to argue that they possess a far more potent voice than was previously supposed in this country. The Czar is indeed a good friend of temperance. The strongest thing he did for temperance was not in signing the decree on the 22nd of August (the 4th of September), but in sending a fine rescript upon the subject some months earlier to Monsieur Barck, the new Minister for Finance.¹ The rescript met with a phenomenal response throughout the Empire. The peasants rose as a man to follow their "Little Father." From every village council there came resolutions in favor of closing the Government vodka shops. This action strengthened the hands of the Czar, affected the Governmental attitude towards reform, and thus prepared the way for the prohibition decree at the commencement of this War. A noteworthy example of the power of the people in effecting a reform of staggering difficulty has thus been provided by Russia. It throws a significant light upon the latent power of the people, and upon their readiness to respond to a moral appeal from the Throne. If this is Russian autocracy, it is something very different from what many in Europe have supposed.

Making every allowance for divergent political and social conditions, the action of the Russian peasantry is an indication of the manner in which drastic reform may be expected to come in Great Britain. It may be that there is growing up amongst us a lasting political unity. This War has shown us that there is a finer thing than Govern-

ment through party strife. It may be, on the other hand, that we shall revert to our old conditions, but if this be the case we must reckon with a phenomenal increase of the popular voice. If the political development runs along lines of unity, then there must come drastic temperance reform in the interests of the laborer. If, and it is far from improbable, the lines laid down in the democratic Dominions are followed, the Labor Party in Parliament will increase rapidly. It may be a long way to the day when a Labor Government rules in London as it has done in Wellington and does to-day in Sydney. But so soon as the working-men find themselves to be a great political power they will most certainly raise their voices in an urgent demand for temperance reform. If manhood suffrage comes, the volume of that voice will be materially increased. If the wives of the working-men receive votes, then they will not be said "Nay" in this matter. A great deal has been said about the disinclination of the working-man to lose his beer. Much the same was said in the Russian Duma, when the peasant deputies appealed for local option. I am not tempted to disregard the legitimate claims of the moderate drinker, but I do not remember meeting one prominent Labor leader in this country who was not impressed with the deadly injury to the working-classes under the existing system or lack of system. Any social reformer must feel in the same way. Up to the present the obstacles have appeared insurmountable. Russia has shown that such appearances are deceptive. She has also displayed the latent power of the people under circumstances far from favorable—at least to all appearances. The Russian people simply disregarded the obstacles in their path. And when the people move in England it will daunt even a second Mrs. Partington to withstand

¹ "I have come to the firm conviction that the duty lies upon me, before God and Russia, to introduce into the management of the State finances and of the economic problems of the country fundamental reforms for the welfare of my beloved people. It is not meet that the welfare of the Exchequer should be dependent upon the ruin of the spiritual and productive energies of numbers of my loyal subjects."—"Times" Russian Supplement, April 1914.

the entry of reform. It will be as resistless as the sea—and the tide has already turned.

One curious feature in the popular movement in Russia has been noted. When the village councils petitioned for the compulsory closing of Government vodka shops their requests were granted. But in certain instances, after a trial of several weeks, the villagers apparently came to the conclusion that they could stand compulsory abstinence no longer. They began to send in further petitions that the vodka shops should be reopened! This *volte-face* may have been partly due to a physical craving on the part of those who had given way to alcoholism. But all the village magnates are not likely to have been suffering from this insidious disease. Another reason must be sought. It lies in the desolating ennui of life in the remoter parts of the country, especially during the long, hard winters. The monotony of the winter life of a Russian peasant confounds the imagination. I have had experience of the deadly dullness of the little inland townships of Tropical Australia, stuck away on the plains or among the broken mountain ranges far from a railway. Men drink under such circumstances because there is nothing else to do, or because any kind of temporary exaltation or oblivion seems to them a desirable thing. Moreover, I know, because I have tried, how difficult it is to provide interests which do not appear jejune to those whose mental outlook has been cramped by narrow environments. The public-house was the one place where other interests might have prepared the way to temperance, if not to total abstinence. Alas! the bush hotel was only too frequently a hideous iron building, hot as a Dutch oven by day, and as cold as charity by night—at least in winter. The one aim of the proprietor appeared to be to make

money at any cost, and he usually made it under these grim conditions. There were notable exceptions, and I should be both ungrateful and unjust if I failed to acknowledge the warm hearts and general kindness of some of the "hotel" keepers in the "Never-never." But even in such cases the system was against them.

It is at this point where a real danger to the permanent character of Russian Temperance Reform asserts itself. The War has given a great external interest to the Russian peasantry. There is not a village throughout the Empire that has not some direct connection with a contest they regard as holy because it aims at the liberation of fellow Slavs. In the strength of this interest the Russians have become, at least temporarily, a nation of total abstainers. The temporary character of the reform, from the point of view of the villagers, must be insisted upon. The majority of the village resolutions definitely contemplate that fact. What will be done at the end of the War when village life becomes irksome—perhaps more irksome than before? A similar question may be asked with regard to the towns. A recent visitor to Russia has remarked that in the Russian towns, which have become strictly prohibitionist for the time being, café life has disappeared. In Petrograd, where the few hotels licensed close at 11 P.M., the night life, so characteristic of Russia, has also disappeared. To those Englishmen whose experience of Russian social life has been confined to hotels this may not appear altogether deplorable. But even such Englishmen will allow that a wholesale depression of the gaiety of a nation is a serious matter, and may result in many unfortunate and deplorable directions if it is continued when the War is done. This is particularly the case with a highly strung,

emotional people such as the Russians themselves claim to be. But—and this is my main point—it is a factor which must be considered by every Temperance Reformer. The power that, at the country's call, expressed itself with such complete abandon to total abstinence and stern restriction of "music and other entertainments in public restaurants," may easily tilt the balance on another side, when the sound of battle has died away, and the heavy burden of war taxation continues to vex and depress the soul.

In the last number of the *Nineteenth Century and After* Mr. Alexander F. Part made an appeal for a certain licensing reform. He claimed to speak in the interests both of the "Trade" and of the "public well-being." None the less he is likely to find himself in a similar uncomfortable position to that Mr. Pickwick occupied between the two rival editors. The supporters of "tied houses" are not going to have vested interests disturbed without a struggle. On the other hand, the upholders of total abstinence will make a strong case on behalf of their own exclusive theories of reform. These protagonists of divergent interests probably can say nothing that has not already been said over and over again. And yet the great problem remains unsolved!

The Nineteenth Century and After.

Something must be done. Great Britain, like Russia, has dealt temporarily with the drink evil. "The Intoxicating Liquor (temporary restriction) Act, 1914," is a far less drastic measure than the "Order of the Council of Ministers" published last September in Petrograd. But will it be less deplorable in England than it would be in Russia, if we revert to former unsatisfactory conditions at the end of the War? Is it conceivable that such will be the case? Is it not far more likely that the country will use what it has gained as a standpoint from which to attack an evil which up to now, as Lord Grey has well said in this Review, "has been the despair of every patriot and the standing proof of the helplessness of party politicians"? Russia has done a fine thing. She has shown how a great nation can act at a great crisis with regard to a great national danger. Whether she will remain abolitionist when the crisis has passed is a matter that primarily concerns herself. It is inconceivable that having vindicated her freedom from the domination of the drink disease she will ever endanger that freedom again as she undoubtedly did before the War nerved her for a glorious moral effort.

George H. Frodsham, Bishop.

THE GENTLEMEN GLASS-MAKERS COME.

THE ROMANCE OF A HOBBY.

BY SIR JAMES YOXALL, M.P.

Quiet enough lay Wisborough Green, peaceable under Sussex sunshine, while the great guns roared at Lunéville the other day, and nobody would guess that any lien could link Wisborough Green in Sussex with Luné-

ville in Lorraine; yet glass-ware used to be made at Wisborough, and the cannonade would shake a myriad shelves of glass-ware at La Verrerie-de-Portieux near Lunéville, and La Verrerie-de-Portieux is the place whence

certain artisan gentlefolk came to Wisborough, three hundred and fifty years ago.

I seem to see them riding through the Weald. Being gentlefolk—*écuyers gentilshommes verriers*—they carried side-arms, and on Sundays wore plumed gray hats, pleated ruffs, and short cloaks resembling hussar jackets; being Huguenots they must solemnly ride long distances of a Sunday to the nearest temple of their faith, and I daresay would chant the strange psalms of Clément Marot as they rode. Strange in every way these outland people must have seemed to the yeomen and cottagers of Wisborough, for how should Sussex know that in France a gentleman might toil as an artificer in glass without demeaning his rank? Not even the Vicar of Wisborough himself would be likely to understand that when he entered the names of Tyzack, Henzy, Tittery, and Cockery in the parish register he ought to have written Du Thisac, De Hennezel, De Thiétry, and De Caqueray instead.

That I should be aware of the true patronymics is due in the first place to Hobbino!—Hobbino! the instigating imp and familiar of a collector, who sets him riding his hobby towards some new bit of old glass, some stirrup-cup shaped like a jackboot, some toddy-lifter or other bibulant vessel, now and again, for Hobbino! it is who scents the prey and marks it down, like a pointer or setter. But then, to dignify the art of collecting and to make it almost a science, a gay science, another associate steps in, urging the collector on into realms of pleasant research; and this, if she be not Clio herself, is at least a cousin of Clio's, if not a sister—the lesser Clio I will call her, for she incites a man to pen the chronicles of his hobby as I am doing now. Traditions excite him, too; he hears at Newcastle-on-Tyne that

Mr. Tyzack, Mr. Henzell, and Mr. Tittery were about the last civilians to give up wearing swords as they went about their business in the city; it thrills the studious hobbyist to visit La Verrerie-de-Portieux and reflect that such place-names as Verrières, Voirières, and Verrines continue and echo the more sonorous titles of Vittraria, Verreria, and Vitrinnoe, Gallo-Roman cities which made glass upon the same sites fifteen centuries ago. The lesser Clio bothers him with feminine queries next: *why* and *how* should De Thiétrys and Du Thisacs have travelled from the Meuse to Tyneside? Or even as far as the Downs? "Revocation of the Edict of Nantes," he says, and quotes a lesser Euterpe, Mrs. Hemans—"Freedom to worship God!" But it turns out that these Lorrainers came to England almost a hundred and twenty years earlier than that.

It was Mr. Hartshorne, long the *doyen* of glass-collectors, who discovered why in 1567 certain gentlemen glass-makers came to Wisborough Green. The Tudor system of monopolies had begun, and as a plan to introduce or improve important industries it was a wiser policy than the greater Clio, who looked mainly at the later abuses of it, has been willing to allow. To improve English glass-making a Patent of Monopoly had been granted, and therefore the Lorrainers were brought to Sussex. Imagine the difficulties and delays which attended that bit of English shop-keeping! The journey of the monopolist into Lorraine, the hard job of persuading Thomas and Balthazar de Hennezel to adventure as far as England, and exchange their native woods for the copses and spinneys of the Weald! Yet to Petworth, Kirdford, Wisborough, Alfold, and other Surrey or Sussex hamlets they were brought, with other Lorraine gentry, their

wives, children, and henchmen; and there they intermarried and multiplied, and thence their grown-up sons and daughters moved on, like backwoodsmen's, south, west, and north. I dare say Wisborough Green often longed to "eave 'arf a brick at 'em," for silent, self-contained "furriners" they would be, not picking up much English, not allowed to mix with the Sussex gentry, and disdaining to make friends with yeomen and commoner folk.

Yet they remained in England. They had been expected to instruct the natives in glass-making and then return to Lorraine, but their art was also their mystery, and they kept it to themselves. They hid it amidst forests rooted in sandy soil, where both fuel and raw material were at hand, and they seemed to have mounted their mystery; some of them did so, at least, when they built a glass-house among the beeches of Buckholt Wood, near the highroad from Winchester to Salisbury. This spot lay west of the Weald, but the foreigners had almost an American trapper's reason for thus following the sun, for the Sussex iron-founders had complained that these pestilent glass-makers were using up the forests. The iron-founders themselves made fuel of local timber, no doubt—Hobbinol well knows that fire-backs and rushlight-holders of old Sussex iron are hunted for by some collectors—but the iron-masters argued that "the glass-houses can remove and follow the woods, with small charge, which foundries cannot so easily doe." To Buckholt some of the Lorrainers moved on, accordingly, in 1576; and there, nearly three hundred years later, in a field traditionally known as the Bottle Factory, certain happy antiquaries, digging as delightfully as children do in the sands, laid bare the foundations of glass-furnaces, and saw that they had been encircled by a moat. The collec-

tor thrills again when he learns in Lorraine that this was quite in the tradition, for there the gentlemen glass-makers guarded their art and mystery with woods and moats, watch-dogs and sentinels, up to the very eve of the Revolution itself.

From the Weald the Lorrainers would ride to church, in the crypt of Canterbury Cathedral no doubt, for congregations of French and Flemish Protestant refugees had begun to assemble there of a Sunday as early as the year 1561, but from Buckholt Wood the long way to church lay through Winchester to Southampton. Yet Calvin was justified of his theological children, for the registers of "L'Eglise Wallonne de Southampton" still bear witness that "Jan du Tisac, Monsieur de Hennezée et son fils Louis de Hennezée," with "Pierre Vaillant, Claud Potier, Arnoul Bisson et Jan Perné, ouvriers de verre à la Verrerie de Bocquehaut," were admitted to Communion there. Twenty miles in and twenty miles back they would ride, the four servitor-artisans who guarded the rear being armed with tools, not swords—the glass-worker's long steel compasses, fitted with quillons and closing into the shape of a double-pointed dagger; one would like to come upon an example of that weapon in a curiosity-shop or an armory, but Hobbinol has not yet marked it down. If anybody doubts that such an arm ever existed let him study at Cambridge the portrait of Ralph Simons, architect of Sidney Sussex and Emmanuel Colleges, and note *his* warrior compasses, the hilt and the quillons silver-inlaid.

The spacious times of great Elizabeth were polemical, and there was risk of almost Prussian methods of converting you to culture then; I wonder how the faith and worship of the Lorrainers fared when, to "follow the woods" they moved on to the For-

est of Dean? Far from any temple of the *Culte Protestant*, some of them must there have joined the Anglican Communion, for the registers at Newent record that "Abraham Tyzack, sonne of a frenchman," and "Margaret, daughter of Anthony Voydyn," were christened in the parish church. The "Tytters" who settled at Old Swinford may have remained more nonconforming, for one of them was the great-grandmother of Samuel Rogers—the "melodious Rogers," as Byron called him—and he came of a Dissenting stock. The reason why Lorrainers went to Old Swinford, and to Kingswinford, where "John, sonne of Paul and Bridget Tyzack" and seven "Henzey" children were christened, must have been the Royal Proclamation issued in 1615, forbidding the consumption of wood in glass-furnaces, and the need to move on to the coal-measures. In doing that the Stour-bridge glass-trade was founded, and a little later a branch from this same root shot northward, to the coal-fields at Newcastle-on-Tyne.

It is part of the Romance of Collecting (that splendid book which has not yet been written, and never will be, perhaps) to learn that Henri Quatre's copy of *Du Bartas*, the binding stamped with the arms of France and Navarre, was bought off a barrel in Newcastle market for twopence, about fifty years ago; some later emigration, some nephew of the first de Hennezel here, would bring that over, maybe. At any rate, the Henzels, Henzeys, Tisacks, Tizicks, Tiswicks, and Tittorys flourished on Tyneside, for the Newcastle registers mention them more than six hundred times between 1619 and 1750—the lesser Clio has tired of counting them after that. And the local historian could write in 1789 that "the Henzells and Tyzacks still continue to preside over their glass-works. Indeed, they will admit none of any

other name to work with them,"—they were guarding their mystery here as jealously as their cousins in Lorraine did, the year the Revolution befell. Proud of their race and conscious of their true name and style, these Newcastle merchants "claimed the pavement" and walked it sword at hip.

Part of the Romance of Collecting is one kind of vessel which they used to make; I mean the Jacobite glasses for wine and spirits, most beautiful and interesting of all table-ware, and the most rare and costly (as Hobbins well knows) because so treasonable in their day. One of these glasses, that dwelt in an armory for a century before Hobbins spied it, stands near me as I write, and I note again the Jacobite rose engraved upon it—heraldic, six-petalled, one petal for each of the six kings and queens of Stuart blood who had actually reigned in England; and the large heraldic bud, for the Old Pretender, and the smaller bud, for the Young Pretender; and the oak-leaf, for Boscobel, and the star, that stood for the dawn of Restoration again; and the word "Flat" a prayer that the deed might soon be done.

The thistle is engraved on the Scottish variant of a Jacobite glass, in place of the oak-leaf of the English version, and the lesser Clio suggests that, as Newcastle was the glass-making town most near the Border, it must have been Newcastle which sent these secret, treasonable goblets to the Jacobite Clubs and mansions north and south. The metal is Newcastle metal, little doubt, and someone with the French turn for art in him must have done the engraving so delicately; it would be part of the family romance that these still secretive, not yet quite naturalized *du Thisacs* and *de Thiétrys* should smuggle such treasonable emblems out into Loyalist

quarters. For was not the Old Pretender befriended by the Duke of Lorraine? Had not the heir to the Stuart crown taken refuge at Bar-le-Duc? And I seem to find something more than purely English inventiveness in the decoration of these glasses—in the symbolism of the butterfly, or the swallow, that is crossing the narrow waters back to England; in the portrait of the Young Pretender with the Stuart rose as a cockade in his Highland bonnet; and in the Latin mottoes—the “Redeat” and the “Fiat,” the Virgilian “*Turno tempus erit*” and “*Audentior ibo*,” with which some of these glasses are inscribed.

Flip one of these frail old vessels with the finger-nail, and out comes a wailing, keening ring which seems the very utterance of dying hopes, a lament for useless sacrifices in lost causes. Is it entirely fancy that the Henzeys and Tittorys should be the

The Cornhill Magazine.

makers of these beautiful, aristocratic old things? It would be quite in keeping with human nature as one knows it that the Lorrainers, beginning as Protestant separatists here, should develop through the generations into Tories, High Churchmen, and stern believers in the “divine right,” and I think my secretive, rather un-English glass-makers may well have rejoiced in fashioning such anti-Hanoverian wares, for no Lorrainer ever liked a German. At any rate, as I flick the costly old glass again I hear from it echoes of the past; though also they are the very sounds with which the crystal at La Verrerie-de-Portieux would ring

“Like linnets in the pauses of the wind,”

while the great guns thundered near Lunéville and Wisborough Green slept in sunshine, the other day.

THE LAW OF THE MEDES.

I. COMPULSORY BATHING.

In moments of crisis the disciplined human mind works as a thing detached, refusing to be hurried or flustered by outward circumstance. Time and its artificial divisions it acknowledges not. It is concerned with preposterous details: with the ludicrous, and is acutely solicitous of other people's welfare, whilst working at a speed mere electricity could never attain.

Thus with James Thorogood, Lieutenant, Royal Navy, when he, together with his bath, bedding, clothes, and scanty cabin furniture, revolver, first-aid outfit, and all the things that were his, were precipitated through his cabin door across the aft-deck. The ship heeled violently, and the stunning sound of the explosion died away

amid the uproar of men's voices along the mess-deck and the tinkle and clatter of broken crockery in the ward-room pantry.

“Torpedoed!” said James, and was in his conjecture entirely correct. He emerged from beneath the débris of his possessions shaken and bruised, and was aware that the aft-deck (that spacious vestibule giving admittance on either side to officers' cabins and normally occupied by a solitary Marine sentry) was filled with figures rushing past him towards the hatchway. It was half-past seven in the morning; the morning watch had been relieved, and were dressing. The middle watch, of which he had been one, were turning out after a brief three hours' spell of sleep. Officers from the bath-room, girt in towels, wardroom

servants who had been laying the table for breakfast, one or two warrant officers in sea-boots and monkey jackets, the watch below, in short, appeared and vanished from his field of vision like figures on a screen. In no sense of the word, however, did the rush resemble a panic. The aft-deck had seen greater haste on all sides in a scramble on deck to cheer a troopship passing the cruiser's escort. But the variety of dress and undress, the expressions of grim anticipation in each man's face as they stumbled over the uneven deck, set Thorogood's reeling mind, as it were, upon its feet.

The Surgeon, pyjama-clad, a crimson streak running diagonally across the lather on his cheek, suddenly appeared crawling on all-fours through the doorway of his shattered cabin. "I always said those safety razors were rotten things," he observed ruefully. "I've just carved my initials on my face. And my ankle's broken. Have we been torpedoed, or what, at all? An' what game is it you're playing under that bath, James? Are you pretending to be an oyster?"

Thorogood pulled himself together and stood up. "I think one of their submarines must have bagged us." He nodded across the flat to where, beyond the wrecked débris of three cabins, the cruiser's side gaped open to a clear sky and a line of splashing waves. Overhead on deck the 12-pounders were barking out a series of ear-splitting reports,—much as a terrier might yap defiance at a cobra, over the stricken body of its master.

"I think our number's up, old thing." Thorogood bent and slipped his arms under the Surgeon's body. "Shove your arms round my neck. . . . Steady!—Hurt you? Heave! Up we go!" A midshipman ascending the hatchway paused and turned back. Then he ran towards them, splattering

through the water that had already invaded the flat.

"Still!" sang a bugle on deck. There was an instant's lull in the stampede of feet overhead. The voices of the officers calling orders were silent. The only sounds were the lapping of the waves along the riven hull and the intermittent reports of the quick-firers. Then came the shrill squeal of the pipes.

"Fall in!" roared a voice down the hatchway. "Clear lower deck! Every soul on deck!" The bugle rang out again.

Thorogood staggered with his burden across the buckled plating of the flat and reached the hatchway. The midshipman who had turned back passed him, his face white and set. "Here!" called the Lieutenant from the bottom of the ladder. "This way, my son! Fall-in's the order!" For a moment the boy glanced back irresolute across the flat, now ankle-deep in water. The electric light had been extinguished, and in the greenish gloom between decks he looked a small and very forlorn figure. He pointed towards the wreckage of the after-cabin, called something inaudible, and, turning, was lost to view aft.

"That's the Pay's cabin," said the Doctor between his teeth. "He was a good friend to that little lad. I suppose the boy's gone to look for him, and the Pay as dead as a haddock, likely as not."

Thorogood deposited the Surgeon on the upper deck, fetched a life-buoy, and rammed it over the injured man's shoulders. "God forgive me for taking it," said the latter gratefully, "but my fibula's cracked to blazes, an' I love my wife. . . ."

All around them men were working furiously with knives and crowbars, casting off lashings from boats and baulks of timber on the booms, wrenching doors and woodwork from

their fastenings, anything capable of floating and supporting a swimmer. The officers were encouraging the men with words and example, steadying them with cheery catch-words of their Service, ever with an eye on the fore-bridge, at the extreme end of which the Captain was standing.

On the after shelter-deck the Gunner, bare-headed and clad only in a shirt and trousers, was single-handed loading and firing a twelve-pounder as fast as he could snap the breech to and lay the gun. His face was distorted with rage, and his black brows met across his nose in a scowl that at any other time would have suggested acute melodrama.

The figure on the fore-bridge made a gesture with his arm. "Fall-in!" shouted the Commander. "Fall-in facing outboard and strip! Stand by to swim for it!" Seven hundred men, bluejackets, stokers, and marines, hurriedly formed up and began to divest themselves of their clothes. They were drawn up regardless of class or rating, and a burly marine artilleryman, wriggling out of his cholera-belt, laughed in the blackened face of a stoker fresh from the furnace door. "Cheer up, mate!" he said encouragingly, "you'll soon 'ave a chance to wash your bloomin' face!"

The ship gave a sudden lurch, settled deeper in the water, and began to heel slowly over. The Captain, clinging to the bridge-rail to maintain his balance, raised the megaphone to his mouth—

"Carry on!" he shouted. "Every man for himself!" He lowered the megaphone and added between his teeth, "And God for us all!"

The ship was lying over at an angle of 60°, and the men were clustered along the bulwarks and nettings, as if loath to leave their stricken home even at the eleventh hour. A muscular leading seaman was the first to go—

a nude, plink figure, wading reluctantly down the sloping side of the cruiser, for all the world like a child paddling. He stopped when waist-deep and looked back. "'Ere!" he shouted, "'ow far is it to Yarmouth? Not mor'n a 'undred an' fifty miles, is it? I gotter aunt livin' there. . . ."

Then came the rush, together with a roar of voices, shouts and cheers, cries for help, vallant, quickly-stifled snatches of "Tipperary," and, over all, the hiss of escaping steam.

"She wouldn't be 'arf pleased to see yer, nobby!" shouted a voice above the hubbub. "Not 'arf she wouldn't! Nah then, 'oo's for compulsory bathin'? . . . Gawd! Ain't it cold. . . .!"

How he found himself in the water Thorogood had no very clear recollection, but instinctively he struck out through the welter of gasping, bobbing heads till he was clear of the clutching menace of the drowning. The Commander, clad simply in his wrist-watch and uniform cap, was standing on the balsa raft with scores of men hanging to its support. "Get away from the ship!" he was bawling at the full strength of his lungs. "Get clear before she goes—I"

The stern of the cruiser rose high in the air, and she dived with sickening suddenness into the gray vortex of waters. Pitiful cries for help sounded on all sides. Two cutters and a few hastily constructed rafts were piled with survivors: others swam to and fro looking for floating débris, or floated, reserving their strength. The cries and shouts grew fewer.

Thorogood had long parted with his support, the broken loom of an oar, and was floating on his back, when he found himself in close proximity to two figures clinging to an empty breaker. One he recognized as a Midshipman, the other was a bearded Chief Stoker. The boy's teeth were

chattering and his face was blue with cold.

"W-w-what were you g-g-g-oing to have for b-b-b-breakfast in your m-m-mess?" he was asking his companion in misfortune. Hang it all, a fellow of fifteen had to show somehow he wasn't afraid of dying.

"Kippers," replied the Chief Stoker, recognizing his part, and playing up to it manfully. "I'm partial to a kipper, meself. An' fat 'am."

The Midshipman caught sight of Thorogood, and raised an arm in greeting. As he did so, a sudden spasm of cramp twisted his face like a mask. He relaxed his grasp of the breaker and sank instantly.

The two men reappeared half a minute later empty-handed, and clung to the barrel exhausted.

"It's all chalked up somewhere, I suppose!" spluttered James, gasping for his breath.

"Child-murder, sir, I reckon that is," was the tense reply. "That's on their slop-ticket¹ all right. . . . 'Kippers,' I sez, skylarkin' like . . . an' 'e sinks like a stone. . . ."

Among the wave-tops six hundred yards away a slender upright object turned in a wide circle and moved slowly northward. To the south a cluster of smoke-spirals appeared above the horizon, growing gradually more distinct. The party in one of the cutters raised a wavering cheer.

"Cheer up for Chatham!" shouted a clear voice across the gray waste of water. "Here come the Destroyers! . . . Stick it, my hearties!"

After a month's leave James consulted a specialist. He was a very wise man, and his jerky discourse concerned shocked nerve-centres and reflex actions. "That's all right," interrupted the thoroughly startled James (some-time wing three-quarter for the United

Services XV.). "But what defeats me is not being able to cross a London street without 'coming over all of a tremble'! An' when I try to light a cigarette"—he extended an unsteady hand—"Look! . . . I'm as fit as a fiddle really. Only the Medical Department won't pass me for service afloat. An' I want to get back, d'you see? There's a Super-Dreadnought commissioning soon——"

The specialist wrote cabalistic signs on a piece of paper. "Bracing climate—East Coast for preference. . . . Plenty of exercise. Walk. Fresh air. Early hours. Come and see me again in a fortnight, and get this made up—that's all right——" he waved aside James's proffered guineas. "Don't accept fees from Naval or Military. . . . 'Least we can do is to mend you quickly. 'Morning. . . ."

James descended the staircase and passed a tall, lean figure in soiled khaki ascending, whom the Public (together with his wife and family) had every reason to suppose was at that moment in the neighborhood of Ypres.

"If it weren't for those fellows I couldn't be here," was his greeting to the specialist. He jerked his gray, close-cropped head towards the door through which Thorogood had just passed.

II. THE TINKER.

A ramshackle covered cart, laden with an assortment of tinware, had stopped on the outskirts of the village. The owner, a bent scarecrow of a fellow, was effecting repairs to his nag's harness with a piece of string. Evening was setting in, and the south-east wind swept a gray haze across the coast road and sombre marshes. The tinker completed first-aid to the harness, and stood at the front of the cart to light his lamps. The first match blew out, and he came closer to the body of the vehicle for shelter from the wind.

¹ Account.

At that moment a pedestrian passed, humming a little tune to himself, striding along through the November mirk with swinging gait. It may have been that his voice, coming suddenly within range of the mare's ears, conveyed a sound of encouragement. Perhaps the lights of the village twinkling out one by one along the village street suggested stables and a nose-bag. Anyhow, the tinker's nag threw her weight suddenly into the collar, the wheel of the cart passed over the tinker's toe, and the tinker uttered a sudden exclamation. Under the circumstances it was a pardonable enough ebullition of feeling, and ought not to have caused the passing pedestrian to spin round on his heel, astonishment on every line of his face. The next moment, however, he recovered himself. "Did you call out to me?" he shouted. The tinker was nursing his toe, apparently unconscious of having given any one more food for thought than usual. "No," he replied gruffly; "I 'urt myself." The passer-by turned and pursued his way to the village.

The tinker lit his lamps and followed. He was a retiring sort of tinker, and employed no flamboyant methods to advertise his wares. He jingled through the village without attracting any customers, or apparently desiring to attract any, and followed the sandy coast road for some miles. At length he pulled up, and from his seat on the off-shaft sat motionless for a minute, listening. The horse, as if realizing that its dreams of a warm stable were dreams indeed, hung its head dejectedly, and in the faint gleam of the lamp its breath rose in thin vapor. The man descended from his perch on the shaft, and, going to his nag's head, turned the cart off the road. For some minutes the man and horse stumbled through the darkness; the cart jolted, and the tin merchandise rattled dolefully. The tinker,

true to the traditions of his calling, swore again. Then he found what he had been looking for, an uneven track that wound among the sand-dunes towards the shore; the murmur of the sea became suddenly loud and distinct, and with a jerk the horse and cart came to a standstill. In a leisurely fashion the tinker unharnessed his mare, tied a nose-bag on her, and tethered her to the tail of the cart. In the same deliberate manner he rummaged about among his wares till he produced a bundle of sticks and some pieces of turf, and, with these under his arm, scrambled off across the sand-hills to the sea.

The incoming tide sobbed and gurgled along miniature headlands of rock that stretched out on either side of a little bay. The sand-hills straggled down almost to high-water mark, where the winter storms had piled a barrier of kelp and débris. At one place a rough track down to the shingle had been worn in the sand by the feet of fishermen using the cove in fine weather during the summer.

The tinker selected a site for his fire in a hollow that opened to the sea. He built a hearth with flat stones, fetched a kettle from the cart, kindled the fire, and busied himself with preparations for his evening meal. This concluded, he laid a fresh turf of peat upon the embers, banked the sand up all round till the faint glow was invisible a few yards distant, and lit a pipe.

The night wore on. Every now and again the man rose, climbed a sand-hill and stood listening, returning each time to his vigil by the fire. At length he leaned forward and held the face of his watch near the fire-glow. Apparently the time had come for action of some sort, for he rose and made off into the darkness. When he reappeared he carried a tin pannikin in his hand, and stood mo-

tionless by the fire, staring out to sea. Ten minutes he waited, and suddenly made an inaudible observation. A light appeared out of the darkness beyond the headland, winked twice, and vanished. The tinker approached his fire and swilled something from his pannikin on to the glowing embers. A flame shot up about three feet and died down, flickering. The tin contained paraffin, and three times the tinker repeated the strange rite. Then he sat down and waited.

A quarter of an hour passed before something grated on the shingle of the beach, scarcely perceptible above the lap of the waves. The tinker rose to his feet, shovelled the sand over the embers of his fire, and descended the little path to the shore. The night was inky dark, and for a moment he paused irresolute. Then a dark form appeared against the faintly luminous foam, wading knee-deep, and dragging the bows of a small skiff towards the shore. The tinker gave a low whistle, and the wader paused.

"Fritz!" he said guardedly.

"Ja! Hier!" replied the tinker, advancing.

"Gott sei dank!" said the other. He left the boat and waded ashore; the two men shook hands. "Where's the cart?" asked a low voice, in German.

"Among the sand-hills. You will want assistance. Have you more than one with you in the boat?"

"Yes." The newcomer turned and gave a brusque order. Another figure waded ashore and joined the two men, a tall bearded fellow in duffle overalls. As his feet reached the sand, he spat. The tinker led the way to the cart.

"It is dark," said the first man from the sea. "How many cans have you got?"

"Forty-eight; I could get no more without exciting suspicion. They have requisitioned one of my cars as it is."

The other gave a low laugh. "What

irony! Well, that will last till Friday. But you must try and get more then. I will be here at the same time—no, the tide will not suit—at 3 A.M. We can anchor inside then. Did you remember the cigarettes?"

"Yes." The tinker climbed into the cart and handed a petrol tin down to the speaker. "Ein!" he said, "Count them," and lifted out another. "Zwei!" The third man, who had not hitherto spoken, received them with a grunt and set off down to the boat with his burden.

Eight times the trio made the journey to and from the beach. Three times they waited while the tiny collapsible boat ferried its cargo out to where, in the darkness, a long black shadow lay with the water lapping round it like a partly submerged whale. The last time the tinker remained alone on the beach.

He stood awhile staring out into the darkness, and at length turned to retrace his steps; as he reached the shelter of the sand-dunes, however, a tall shadow rose out of the ground at his feet, and the next instant he was writhing on his face in the grip of an exceedingly effective neck-and-arm lock.

"If you try to kick, my pippin," said the excited voice of James Thorogood, "I shall simply break your arm—so!" The face in the sand emitted a muffled squark. "Keep still, then." The two men breathed heavily for a minute. "Don't swear, either. That's what got you into this trouble, that deplorable habit of swearing aloud—in German. But I will say, for a tinker, you put a very neat west-country whipping on that bit of broken harness. I've been admiring it. 'Didn't know they taught you that in the German navy—*don't* wriggle. . . ."

III. UNCLE BILL.

James Thorogood, retaining a firm

hold on his companion's arm, bent down and gathered a handful of loose earth from a flower-bed at his feet. The moonlight, shining fitfully through flying clouds, illuminated the face of the old house and the two road-stained figures standing under its walls. It was a lonely, rambling building, partly sheltered from the prevailing wind by a clump of poplars, and looking out down an avenue bordered by untidy rhododendrons.

"Won't Uncle Bill be pleased!" said James, and flung his handful of earth with relish against one of the window-panes on the first floor. They waited in silence for some minutes, and he repeated the assault. This time a light wavered behind the curtains; the sash lifted, and a head and shoulders appeared.

"Hullo!" said a man's voice.

"Uncle Bill!" called James. There was a moment's silence.

"Well?" said the voice again, patiently.

"Uncle Bill! It's me—Jim. Will you come down and open the door? And don't wake Margaret whatever you do." Margaret was the house-keeper, stone-deaf these fifteen years.

The head and shoulders disappeared. Again the light flickered, grew dim, and vanished. "This way," said James, and led his companion round an angle of the house into the shadows of the square Georgian porch. The bolts were being withdrawn as they reached the steps, and a tall, gray-haired man in a dressing-gown opened the door; he held a candle above his head and surveyed the wayfarers through a rimless monocle.

"Didn't expect you till to-morrow," was his laconic greeting. "Brought a friend?"

"He's not a friend, exactly," said James, pushing his companion in through the door, and examining him curiously by the light of the candle.

"But I'll tell you all about him later on. His name's Fritz—d'you mind if I lock him in the cellar?"

"Do," replied Uncle Bill dryly. He produced a bunch of keys from the pocket of his dressing-gown. "It's the thin brass key. There's some quite decent brandy in the furthest bin on the right-hand side, if you're thinking of making a night of it down there. Take the candle, I'm going back to bed."

"Don't go to bed," called James from the head of the stairs. "I want to have a yarn with you in a minute. Light the gas in the dining-room."

Five minutes later he reappeared, carrying a tray with cold beef, bread, and a jug of beer upon it. Uncle Bill stood in front of the cold ashes of his hearth, considering his nephew through his eyeglass. "I hope you made—er, Fritz, comfortable? You look as if you had been doing a forced march. Nerves better?"

James set down his empty glass with a sigh and wiped his mouth. "As comfortable as he deserves to be. He's a spy, Uncle Bill. I caught him supplying petrol to a German submarine."

"Really?" said Uncle Bill without enthusiasm. "That brandy cost me 180/- a dozen; wouldn't he be better in a police station? Have you informed the Admiralty?"

"I venerate the police," replied James flippantly. "And the Admiralty are as a father and mother to me. But I want to keep this absolutely quiet for a few days—at all events, till after Friday. I couldn't turn Fritz over to a policeman without attracting a certain amount of attention. Anyhow, it would leak out if I did. I've walked eighteen miles already since midnight, and it's another fifty-nine to the Admiralty from here. Besides, unless I disguise Fritz as a performing bear, people would want to know why I was leading him about on a rope's end——"

"Start at the beginning," interrupted Uncle Bill wearily, "and explain, avoiding all unnecessary detail."

So James, between mouthfuls, gave a brief *résumé* of the night's adventure, while Sir William Thorogood, Professor of Chemistry and Adviser to the Admiralty on Submarine Explosives, stood and shivered on the hearthrug.

"And it just shows," concluded his nephew, "what a three-hours' swim in the North Sea does for a chap's morals." He eyed his Uncle Bill solemnly. "I even chucked the fellow's Seamanship in his teeth!"

Sir William polished his eyeglass with a silk handkerchief, and replaced it with care.

"Did you?" he said.

IV. CRAB-POTS.

A squat tub of a boat, her stern piled high with wicker crab-pots, came round the northern headland and entered the little bay. The elderly fisherman who was rowing, rested on his oars, and sat contemplating the crab-pots in the stern. A younger man, clad in a jersey and sea-boots, was busy coiling down something in the bows. "How about this spot," he said presently, looking up over his shoulder, "for the first one?" The rower fumbled about inside his tattered jacket, produced something that glistened in the sunlight, and screwed it into his eye.

"Uncle Bill," protested the younger fisherman, "do unship that thing. If there *is* any one watching us it will give the whole show away."

Sir William Thorogood surveyed the harbor with an expressionless countenance. "I consider that having donned those unsavory garments—did Margaret bake them thoroughly, by the way?—I have already forfeited my self-respect quite sufficiently. How

much of the circuit have you got off the drum?"

"Six fathoms."

"That's enough for the first, then."

The speaker rose, lifted a crab-pot with an effort, and tipped it over the side of the boat. The cable whizzed out over the gunwale for a few seconds, and stopped. Uncle Bill resumed paddling for a little distance, and repeated the manœuvre eight times in a semicircle round the inside of the bay, across the entrance. "That's enough," he observed at length, as the last crab-pot sank with a splash. "Don't want to break all their windows ashore. These will do all they're intended to." He propelled the boat towards the shore, while James paid out the weighted cable. The bows of the boat grated on the shingle, and the elder man climbed out. "Hand me the battery and the firing-key—in that box under the thwart there. Now bring the end of the cable along."

As they toiled up the shifting flank of a sand-dune James indicated a charred spot in the sand. "That's where he showed the flare, Uncle Bill."

Uncle Bill nodded disinterestedly: side by side they topped the tufted crest of a dune and vanished among the sand-hills.

Somewhere across the marshes a church clock was striking midnight when a big covered car pulled up at the roadside in the spot where, a few nights before, the tinker's cart had turned off among the sand-hills. The driver twitched the engine off and extinguished the lights. Two men emerged from the body of the car: one, a short thick-set figure muffled in a naval overcoat, stamped up and down to restore his circulation. "Is this the place?" he asked.

"Part of it," replied the voice of Uncle Bill from the driving seat. "My nephew will show you the rest. I

shall stay here, if Jim doesn't mind handing me the Thermos flask and my cigar-case—thanks."

James walked round the rear of the car, and began groping about in the dry ditch at the roadside.

"Don't say you can't find it, Jim," said Sir William. He bent forward to light his cigar, and the flare of the match shone on his dress shirt-front and immaculate white tie. He re-fastened his motoring coat and leaned back, puffing serenely.

"Got it!" said a voice from the ditch, and James reappeared, carrying a small box, and trailing something behind him. He held it out to the short man with gold oak-leaves round his cap-peak. His hand trembled slightly.

"Here's the firing-key, sir!"

"Oh, thanks—let's put it in the stern-sheets of the car till I come back. I'd like to have a look at the spot——"

"You'll get your boots full of sand," said Uncle Bill's voice under the hood. James lifted a small sack and an oil-can out of the car, and the two figures vanished side by side into the night.

Half an hour later the elder man reappeared. "He's going to blow a whistle," he observed, and climbed into the body of the car, where Sir William was now sitting under a pile of rugs. He made room for the newcomer.

"Have some rug, . . . and here's the foot-warmer, . . . I see. And then, you—er—do the rest? The box is on the seat beside you."

The other settled down into his seat and tucked the rug round himself.

Blackwood's Magazine.

"Thanks," was the grim reply. "Yes, I'll do the rest!" He lit a pipe and smoked in silence, as if following a train of thought. "My boy would have been sixteen to-morrow——"

"Ah!" said Uncle Bill.

An hour passed. The naval man refilled and lit another pipe. By the light of the match he examined his watch. "I suppose you tested the contacts?" he asked at length in a low voice.

"Yes," was the reply, and they lapsed into silence again. The other shifted his position slightly, and raised his head, staring into the darkness beyond the road, whence came the faint continuous murmur of the sea.

Somewhere near the beach a faint gleam of light threw into relief for an instant the dark outline of a sand-dune, and sank into obscurity again. Uncle Bill's eyeglass dropped against the buttons of his coat with a tinkle. The grim, silent man beside him lifted something on to his knees, and there was a faint click, like the safety-catch of a gun being released.

A frog in the ditch near by set up a low, meditative croaking. Uncle Bill raised his head abruptly. Their straining ears caught the sound of some one running, stumbling along the uneven track that wound in from the shore. A whistle cut the stillness like a knife.

There was a hoarse rumble seaward that broke into a deafening roar, and was succeeded by a sound like the bursting of a dam. The car rocked with the concussion, and the fragments of the shattered wind-screen tinkled down over the bonnet and footboard.

Then utter, absolute silence.

"Bartimeus."

DID BRITAIN STAND IN GERMANY'S WAY?

Although absent for some time in the United States and Canada lecturing on the causes of the present war, I have kept in close touch with British journalism, with books and pamphlets recently issued and endeavoring to set forth the British side of the controversy both for home and foreign enlightenment. I have also read the American writers on the subject, and with one or two notable exceptions (such as Mr. F. Simond's book on *The Great War*) I have nowhere found the problem rightly and fairly stated. Either (in America) the writer is a pro-German willing to sacrifice truth freely if he can make out a good case for Germany; or in England the object has been to discredit ministries or ministers or to be so misled by anti-German bias as actually to make out that the secret direction of British foreign policy has been since the advent of King Edward directed solely towards the checking of every German attempt at enlarging the German Empire, or that British statesmen have been deaf to all warnings regarding German ambitions and intentions.

Now I happen to be in a position to know the real facts of international bargainings and negotiations (successful or abortive) since 1904¹; and I know that these charges are the contrary of the truth.

The protectionist propaganda of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain — more especially that side of it, a very attractive side for many among us, which was to make the vast British Empire a close preserve for all but British trade — first definitely pushed Germany into

the path of "world-expansion," first gave an anti-British trend to German-American thought. The realization of what might result from a vast Customs union and differential duties in favor of British commerce (namely, a war waged against the British Empire by the rest of the world, headed by Germany) drove many British politicians and journalists back into the Free Trade camp. If, by maintaining Free Trade throughout the British Empire, especially in that portion governed from London, we could avert a life-and-death struggle with Germany, we preferred a policy of open markets throughout our vast dominions. We remembered the fate of Venice, Spain, Portugal when they had pursued a different and a selfish course. But France meantime was developing a colonial policy in her oversea dominions which tended to shut out foreign trade. So also were Russia, Japan, Italy, Portugal, and the Leopoldine Congo. What would happen to Germany if eventually the regions which produced her raw materials and absorbed her manufactures were closed against her? The anxieties of the German Foreign and Colonial Offices were rather exaggerated, inasmuch as Germany had already secured over a million square miles of colonies and could hardly be excluded from the American and most of the European markets. Still *there* was the underlying cause of the increased German susceptibilities regarding African, European and Asiatic aggrandizement of her European rivals and her tendency since 1905 to pick quarrels with France about North Africa.

Quite a number of people in Britain and even in France realized what there was of truth in the German grievance and endeavored to obviate

¹ As an authority on African subjects, scientific and political, Sir Harry Johnston has been constantly in direct communication with the official authorities of most of the European States during the past ten years, and has thus enjoyed unique opportunities of discovering the real attitude of France, Germany, Belgium, Italy and Portugal, as well as of Great Britain, on the matters with which he deals in this article. Ed. N.S.

it. Though there were strong anti-German proclivities in British government departments they were not allowed to influence our policy abroad in the direction of hampering unduly German ambitions. We never, however, lost an opportunity of making four things clear: the first was the inviolability of Belgium and Luxemburg, the second that of France within her present limits, the third "Hands off Morocco," and the fourth that the question of Constantinople and the Dardanelles could not be decided against the interests of Russia. Why this *volte face* about Russia and the Sick Man of the East? Because after the advent of the petrol motor and the increasing value of Russian corn to the Western World, we felt we could never allow an Austro-German combination to lock up Russia in the Black Sea and if need be shut out her inestimably valuable exports from free access to Western Europe. Subject to these four provisos we desired to put no obstacles in Germany's path of expansion. Our policy was not based on sentiment but on a shrewd perception of our national needs. We were bound to defend Belgium against Germany, France, or Holland, because the possession of the Belgian coast by a possibly hostile Power would seriously threaten London and the British control over the Channel and the North Sea: British sea communications, in short. We could not agree to a foreign occupation of Luxemburg, because that would menace Belgium. We could not tolerate any German annexation of French territory, because that might bring the Germans to the Channel and give Belgium into their keeping. We could not consent to a German foothold in Morocco, because such a foothold would inevitably lead to a Franco-German war and the German conquest of much of North-West Africa; and this in turn would give

Germany the control of western access to the Mediterranean and the power to threaten the Cape route. You have only to study the map to realize that it was more important to Great Britain than to France (possibly) to keep Germany out of Morocco, and only less important to keep her out of Tripoli. As to Constantinople and the Turkish Empire, it was plain from the speeches of responsible British statesmen from Lord Salisbury onwards that we regarded it as a matter primarily to be settled between Germany and Russia.

Subject to these limitations, we did nothing since 1910 to oppose Germany in her plans of expansion. We gradually arrived at an understanding, concentrated on the Baghdad railway, which would have made Germany mistress of two-thirds of Asiatic Turkey. We encouraged France to do the same, and Russia likewise. We gave no encouragement to Servia in her anti-Austrian tendency. Austria might have won her way to an Ægean outlet (sufficient for commercial purposes at any rate) if she had treated Servia in a less Prussian manner; and Russia would have sanctioned the arrangement if she had had sufficient guarantees about Constantinople and the Dardanelles.

As to Africa, hints of the plainest nature were dropped by French statesmen that if Germany would retrocede Metz and French-speaking Lorraine and would extrude Luxemburg from any connection whatever with the German Empire, France would be prepared to cede to Germany her right of pre-emption over the Belgian Congo, and to make over to Germany the greater part of French Congo. Belgium might further have given Germany control of large portions of the Belgian dominion in Central Africa in return for a German *désintéressement* in Luxemburg. Sir Edward Grey an-

nounced publicly that any rearrangements of Central Africa to Germany's advantage and obtained by negotiation with other Powers would not be opposed by Great Britain. Further, it is an open secret that not long before war was declared he had prepared an instrument which accorded Germany similar facilities in Portuguese West Africa, provided Portugal chose to dispose of concessions there; and in preparation for this, antecedent British interests and investments were given notice to quit. We had admitted the equal rights of Germany in China, we had not opposed (as we might have done from previous agreements) her desire to found an important cable station and wireless service in Liberia. We had given way to her in Samoa, we had ceded Heligoland, we had even discussed the cession of Zanzibar. We had done everything in our power to content Germany and to prepare the way for the building up of a permanent Anglo-German friendship.

To make this in addition a final understanding with France, it was only necessary to retrocede Metz and the line of the Selle—some 450 square miles.² But this step, though favorably entertained in southern Germany and in some of the western towns, was vehemently vetoed in Berlin. The Hohenzollern-Essen dynasty and conclave believed itself, after the winter of 1913-14, strong enough to fight any league of Old World Powers assembled against Germany, Austria-Hungary and Turkey. It was thought the Zabern incidents might lead France to an imprudence. Fate, however, chose the assassination of the Archduke Ferdinand—and we know the rest.

² Four hundred and fifty miles for instalment and security in a splendid empire over more than 2,000,000 square miles. But to France it meant a guarantee against any future war of aggression, and to attain this she was disposed to be generous of her rights everywhere save in North Africa,

The New Statesman.

Some critics would have had the British Government take warning by the straws on the slowly-moving waters and prepare a huge army as well as a huge navy. How could they? Would the nation or the Empire have sanctioned this arming on a vague suspicion? Would not America have accused us of provoking war? All we could do was to hope that the Kaiser might refrain from this colossal blunder—might seek the line of least resistance to his lawful ambitions so freely open to him.

Respect for treaties can be overdone, and smack of that Pecksniffian hypocrisy which makes certain American utterances so objectionable just now. Treaties have not prevented our discounting the break up of the Ottoman Empire. But what bound us to Belgium was the sheer necessity of defending ourselves. To have acquiesced in an occupation of Belgium would have meant abdication to German overlordship without fighting. I confess I find President Wilson's "neutrality" scarcely tolerable. He talks of our nation as though we were as much to blame as Germany for the provocation of this ghastly war. He must know very little about geography or strategy if he does not realize that, from the moment the Germans crossed the Belgian frontier, the moment their Government avowed its intention of wresting Morocco from France, it has been a war forced on the British Empire by a Power resolved from the first to strike at the vital points in our defence.

Let me restate the points I wish to make clear. It is *not* true that this war was forced on Germany, and it is *not* true that she was being denied the legitimate outlets and guarantees for her world-wide commerce that she was entitled to demand.

H. H. Johnston.

THE PASSPORT.

"Francesca," I said, "how would you describe my nose?"

"Your nose?" she said.

"Yes," I said, "my nose."

"But why," she said, "do you want your nose described?"

"I am not the one," I said, "who wants my nose described. It is Sir Edward Grey, the—ahem—Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. In the midst of all his tremendous duties he still has time to ask me to tell him what my nose is like."

"This," said Francesca, "is the short cut to Colney Hatch. Will somebody tell me what this man is talking about?"

"I will," I said. "I am talking about my nose. There is no mystery about it."

"No," she said, "your nose is there all right. I can see it with the naked eye."

"Do not," I said, "give way to frivolity. I may have to go to France. Therefore I may want a passport. I am now filling in an application for it, and I find to my regret that I have got to give details of my personal appearance, including my nose. I ask you to help me, and all you can do is to allude darkly to Colney Hatch. Is that kind? Is it even wifely?"

"But why can't you describe it yourself?"

"Don't be absurd, Francesca. What does a man know about his own nose? He only sees it full-face for a few minutes every morning when he's shaving or parting his hair. If he ever does catch a glimpse of it in profile the dreadful and unexpected sight unmans him and he does his best to forget it. I give you my word of honor, Francesca, I haven't the vaguest notion what my nose is really like."

"Well," she said, "I think you might

safely put it down as a loud blower and a hearty sneezer."

"I'm sure," I said, "that wouldn't satisfy Sir Edward Grey. He doesn't want to know what it sounds like, but what it looks like."

"How would 'fine and substantial' suit it?"

"Ye—es," I said, "that might do if by 'fine' you mean delicate——"

"I don't," she said.

"And if 'substantial' is to be equivalent to handsome."

"It isn't," she said.

"Then we'll abandon that line. How would 'aquiline' do? Aren't some noses called aquiline?"

"Yes," she said, "but yours has never been one of them. Try again."

"Francesca," I said pleadingly, "do not suggest to me that my nose is turned up, because I cannot bear it. I do not want to have a turned-up nose, and what's more I don't mean to have one, not even to please the British Foreign Office and all its permanent officials."

"It shan't have a turned-up nose, then. It shall have a Roman nose."

"Bravo!" I cried, "Bravo! Roman it shall be," and I dipped my pen and prepared to write the word down in the blank space on the application form.

"Stop!" said Francesca. "Don't do anything rash. Now that I look at you again I'm not sure that yours is a Roman nose."

"Oh, Francesca, do not say such cruel, such upsetting things. It must, it shall be Roman."

"What," she asked, "is a Roman nose?"

"Mine is," I said eagerly. "No nose was ever one-half so Roman as mine. It is the noblest Roman of them all."

"No," she said, with a sigh, "it won't do. I can't pass it as Roman."

"All right," I said, "I'll put it down as 'non-Roman.'"

"Yes, do," she said, "and let's get on to something else."

"Eyes," I said. "How shall I describe them?"

"Green," said Francesca.

"No, gray."

"Green."

"Gray."

"Let's compromise on gray-green."

"Right," I said. "Gray-green and gentle. Sir Edward Grey will appreciate that. Oh, bother! I've written it in the space devoted to 'hair.' However it's easy to—"

"Don't scratch it out," she said. "It's a stroke of genius. I've often wondered what I ought to say about your hair, and now I know. Oh, my gray-green-and-gentle-haired one!"

"Very well," I said, "it shall be as you wish. But what about my eyes?"

"Write down 'see hair' in their space and the trick's done."

"Francesca," I said, "you're wonderful this morning. Now I know what Punch.

it is to have a real helper. Complexion next, please. Isn't 'fresh' a good word for complexion?"

"Yes, for some."

"Another illusion gone," I said. "No matter; I've noticed that people who fill up blank spaces always use the word 'normal' at least once. I shall call my complexion normal and get it over."

After this there was no further difficulty. I took the remaining blank spaces in my stride, and in a few minutes the application form was filled up. Having then secured a clergyman who consented to guarantee my personal respectability and having attached two photographs of myself I packed the whole thing off to the Foreign Office. I have not yet had any special acknowledgment from Sir Edward Grey, but I take this opportunity to warn the French authorities that within a few days a gentleman with a non-Roman nose, gray-green and gentle hair, see-hair eyes and a normal complexion may be seeking admission to their country.

R. C. Lehmann.

MR. ROOSEVELT'S STRAIGHT COURSE.

While the American Government continues to observe scrupulously its neutrality it is clearly the duty of all belligerents to refrain from criticism or appeal. British observers are naturally interested in watching American opinion, and are anxious that nothing should occur to offend or estrange the American people. We value the good opinion of Americans, but it would clearly be a breach of international courtesy to attempt to intervene in American controversies as to the correct policy and leaning of the American Government. We must be satisfied with noting that there are two

distinct parties in America—a German and a British party—and with taking care that the case of Great Britain is officially presented to the American public with reasonable truth. This last point is of great importance. The British Government in the present state of parties in America cannot afford to let the British case go by default. It cannot afford to assume that all America is convinced, without further evidence, that the Allied case is proved and justified, and that all German agents are disingenuous. If the American public is not kept officially and systematically informed as

to the motives and conduct of the Allies the British public runs a risk of one day waking rather rudely to the fact that there is a powerful and active party in America which is not, and never has been, convinced of the right and justice of the Allied cause.

That there is a strong German party in America is now clear to all who follow American politics. There are as many Germans in America as there are British, and these Germans are using all their influence to turn the opinion of their Government against the Allies. The American public has itself observed that the German party in the United States is acting for Germany in so definite a way that it must be regarded more as a German colony in America than an American party anxious for the welfare and honor of America. It can serve no useful end to deceive ourselves as to the strength and energy of this German party, or to ignore the growing bitterness in America between the German party and the party which openly sympathizes with Great Britain and the Allies. It is the duty of the British Press to keep British readers informed of these matters and it is the part of the British Foreign Office to take them carefully into account. Here, however, the part of Great Britain ends. All else must, out of respect for the freedom of judgment and the neutral position of the United States Government, be left to the care of the Americans themselves.

The Americans themselves, however, are free to take sides actively and to publish their views frankly and forcibly. Among the Americans who have done so is Mr. Roosevelt, who has virtually put himself at the head of the British party in America. Mr. Roosevelt goes much farther than any responsible British advocate is at present able to go in recommending the cause of the Allies to his people. He

declares outright that America should come into the war on behalf of the Belgian treaties and of the dishonored conventions at The Hague.¹ The reasoning whereby Mr. Roosevelt has reached this conclusion strikingly illustrates the noble directness of his mind. He goes straight towards what is for him the heart of the matter and disregards all else. What, he asks, did America mean when America signed The Hague conventions? Did she not mean to guarantee that the conventions would be observed? What is the use of a guarantee if it fails the moment a breach of the agreement is committed? Mr. Roosevelt puts the matter thus:—

"I authorized the signature of the United States to these conventions. They forbid the violation of neutral territory, and, of course, the subjugation of unoffending neutral nations.

"They forbid such destruction as that inflicted on Louvain, Dinant, and other towns in Belgium.

"They forbid the infliction of heavy pecuniary penalties and the taking of severe punitive measures at the expense of civilian populations.

"All of these offences have been committed by Germany. I took the action I did in directing these conventions to be signed on the theory and with the belief that the United States intended to live up to its obligations.

"If I had for one moment supposed that signing these Hague conventions meant literally nothing whatever beyond the expression of a pious wish which any Power was at liberty to disregard with impunity, in accordance with the dictation of self-interest, I would certainly not have permitted the United States to be a party to such a mischievous farce."

Mr. Roosevelt's public declarations on the war are made throughout from an American point of view. We have described him as a leader of the Brit-

¹ "Why America Should Join the Allies." Published by C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd., Henrietta Street, 61. net. "America and the World War." Scribner's, New York. 75 cents.

ish party, but his sympathy with the Allies is not the result of a leaning towards France, England or Russia. It is the result of his wish that America should live up to his own idea of her true rôle in the world. He draws from what has happened in Belgium the inference that treaties which guarantee neutrality, or arbitration treaties, or international conventions—that all these treaties are scraps of paper, and will continue to be so, unless they are backed with force. Just as Great Britain went to war to prove that the Belgian treaty was not a scrap of paper; so he would have America go to war to prove that the international conventions which he signed as President of the United States are not scraps of paper. His attitude has nothing to do with hatred of Germany or partiality for England. There are, indeed, many eloquent passages in Mr. Roosevelt's book in high praise of the skill, courage, and devotion of the German people. Mr. Roosevelt thinks that to cripple Germany politically would be a "disaster to mankind." He would have America fight, not to cripple Germany, but in order that Belgium's wrongs may be redressed and may *never be repeated*. He desires the world to see a great Power, without any material interests at stake, fighting purely to assert that international law is sacred and to be regarded as backed by the armed might of all the signatories.

This is a great idea, and surely the idea of one who is a practical statesman. Mr. Roosevelt clearly realizes that international morality cannot be absolutely assured unless it is supported by international force. He would have America come into the war as being prepared to enforce international right. He would come into the war, not out of partiality for Great Britain, but because Great Britain and the Allies stand for the civilized idea

he desires to establish. "England's attitude," he writes, "in going to war in defence of Belgium's rights, according to its guarantee, was not only strictly proper, but represents the only kind of action that ever will make a neutrality treaty or arbitration treaty worth the paper on which it is written."

British observers are not free to urge or embellish these ideas. But they may assuredly be noticed as the ideas of one of the most striking figures in the political world of our day. Mr. Roosevelt's writings on the war have been throughout on a very high plane of political thought. He removes the question between the British and German parties in America from the plane of interested intrigue and commercial opportunity; and in doing so he undoubtedly speaks for many of his countrymen. One of the most remarkable events in American history was the way in which the American public was moved in August and September of last year by a disinterested indignation at the conduct of Germany in Belgium. That indignation has since been overlaid by negotiations concerning contraband, discussions as to the correct use of a neutral flag or the purchase of enemy ships—matters of some importance, but tending none the less to obscure the main, generous truth of the whole issue. America is pulled many ways by the war, but the biggest pull of all was the pull of Belgium violated and ruined. It is this pull which Mr. Roosevelt has himself felt and acknowledged in the straight, uncompromising way we have learned to expect of him. He sees what, to the Allies at all events, is the main fact of the war to-day—namely, that half the world is fighting to save itself from lying at the mercy of a Power which has torn up all the treaties that stood in its way, and which, in its war-book,

has dismissed all international law as an "amiable delusion." Mr. Roosevelt does not think his country can safely or honorably acquiesce in Germany's contempt for international agreements to which she herself was a party, and he says so outright. Moreover, he is wise enough to see that international law will remain an amiable delusion so long as respect for it is not enforced by strong nations with power in the last resort to make the common conscience of mankind an *armed* conscience for the restraint of the strong offender. Strength would remain the ultimate guarantor of honor and peace,

The Saturday Review.

even though the whole world were united in a league. Mr. Roosevelt has no sympathy with the pacifists. Because he would have America a peacemaker he would have the American Navy strong. There are peacemakers and there are peace-prattlers. Mr. Roosevelt finds two warnings to the world in the present struggle. The first is a warning addressed to all nations to be ready for war. The second is a warning to all nations to sign no scrap of paper that they are not prepared to honor with armies in the field and with navies on the water.

THE GERMAN WAR BOOK.*

As revealing a state of mind, this book is one of the most curious, and, we must add, painful, productions we have ever come across. It is the official manual on the "usages of war on land" issued by the Great General Staff of the German Army. It has been well translated by Mr. J. H. Morgan, Professor of Constitutional Law at University College, London, who has also written a critical introduction. As Professor Morgan justly says, the peculiar logic of the book consists for the most part in ostentatiously laying down unimpeachable rules and then quietly destroying them by debilitating exceptions. The mystery is that the General Staff should have thought it worth while to play the farce of dealing out fine sentiments with one hand and taking them back with the other. A very disagreeable characteristic of the book is that brutal conduct is prescribed or excused with much preciseness, whereas the fine sentiments are always vague, so that a

humane officer would seldom be able in practice to apply his humanity. In almost all circumstances the inhumane instructions would seem much more definite, and would therefore almost certainly be acted on. Another point to be noticed is that the terms of the Hague Regulations are frequently in the minds of the writers, and when it has been explained that these cannot hold good there is really no guide to decency left. The Hague terms are referred to as the latest set of principles for the conduct of war—as taking, in fact, the place of the old customs of war which were recognized by tacit consent—so that if the Hague principles are rejected we are taken back some two or three hundred years. Even in Napoleon's time the recognized code of conduct had become fairly substantial. We feel that this book leaves us not even that.

The young officer is informed on one page that the civil population of an invaded country are to be secure in every way. Their feelings are to be respected, their property is to be inviolate, and their lives are to be safe.

* "The German War Book:" being "The Usages of War on Land." Issued by the Great General Staff of the German Army. Translated with a Critical Introduction, by J. H. Morgan, M. A. London: John Murray. [2s. 6d. net.]

Nothing could be better said. But a little further on we come to details. Can the officer, for example, compel the peaceful inhabitants to supply information injurious to their own country? No doubt such a course is regrettable, the book explains, yet it is often necessary. On this very point the Hague Regulations are, of course, explicit, though we ought to say that Germany made a reservation as to accepting the following words: "Any compulsion by a belligerent on the population of occupied territory to give information as to the army of the other belligerent is prohibited." Again, the book discusses the morality of exposing the peaceful inhabitants to the fire of their own friends. In the present war there have been numerous accusations that the Germans employed Belgian and French civilians as screens. Perhaps those of us who are most conscious of the extraordinary readiness with which unprovable charges are flung about in war were disinclined to believe these stories. It must be admitted, however, that the principle of the screen stares us in the face in the War Book. The "main justification" of exposing hostages to peril from their own friends is that it "succeeds":—

"A new application of 'hostage-right' was practised by the German staff in the war of 1870, when it compelled leading citizens from French towns and villages to accompany trains and locomotives in order to protect the railway communications which were threatened by the people. Since the lives of peaceable inhabitants were without any fault on their part thereby exposed to grave danger, every writer outside Germany has stigmatized this measure as contrary to the law of nations and as unjustified towards the inhabitants of the country. As against this unfavorable criticism it must be pointed out that this measure, which was also recognized on the German side as harsh and cruel, was

only resorted to after declarations and instructions of the occupying authorities had proved ineffective, and that in the particular circumstance it was the only method which promised to be effective against the doubtless unauthorized, indeed the criminal, behavior of a fanatical population. Herein lies its justification under the laws of war, but still more in the fact that it proved completely successful, and that wherever citizens were thus carried on the trains (whether result was due to the increased watchfulness of the communes or to the immediate influence on the population), the security of traffic was restored. To protect oneself against attack and injuries from the inhabitants and to employ ruthlessly the necessary means of defence and intimidation is obviously not only a right but indeed a duty of the staff of the army. The ordinary law will in this matter generally not suffice, it must be supplemented by the law of the enemy's might."

That passage would naturally be held by German officers to sanction all expedients by which innocent hostages are made to suffer for the faults, or even for the legitimate acts, of their friends, although, of course, the hostages have no power whatever to prevent such acts. Surely this is a diabolical doctrine.

The following sentences flow with obvious sincerity from the minds of the men who plotted disaffection throughout the British Empire, even in times of profound peace:—

"Bribery of the enemy's subjects with the object of obtaining military advantages, acceptance of offers of treachery, reception of deserters, utilization of the discontented elements in the population, support of pretenders and the like, are permissible, indeed international law is in no way opposed to the exploitation of the crimes of third parties (assassination, incendiarism, robbery, and the like) to the prejudice of the enemy. Considerations of chivalry, generosity, and honor may denounce in such cases a

hasty and unsparing exploitation of such advantages as indecent and dishonorable, but law which is less touchy allows it. "The ugly and inherently immoral aspect of such methods cannot affect the recognition of their lawfulness. The necessary aim of war gives the belligerent the right and imposes upon him, according to circumstances, the duty not to let slip the important, it may be the decisive, advantages to be gained by such means."

Before the present war ordinary people took it for granted that no town could be bombarded unless the required notice were given, and at least the women and children had had the opportunity to escape. We learn from the War Book, however, that the German General Staff know no such rule. "If days of grace in which to leave are granted," they say, "that simply rests on the courtesy of the besieger." It is then explained that, since the presence of women, children, and old people in a town liable to bombardment may help the attacker, "no claim to the free passage of these classes can be made good." It would be "foolish of a besieger to renounce voluntarily this advantage."

As regards the treatment of property the book offers an astonishing example of the German habit of saying the right thing (in order apparently to capture the approval of all who are green enough to believe such assurances) and sanctioning the wrong thing in an aside. Property, we are told, should always be respected. To take a man's property when he is present is robbery, and when he is absent "downright burglary." But if the "necessity of war" makes it advisable, "every sequestration, every appropriation, temporary or permanent, every use, every injury, and all destruction, are permissible." Machiavelli said that a Prince should be able to use well

¹ Professor Luder, "Handbuch des Völkerrichts," p. 90.

both the man and the beast, and that is what the German War Book does in what may be called princely fashion.

Our own *Manual of Military Law* incorporates the Hague Regulations as necessary to be observed by officers, but the German General Staff rejects them with contempt. Probably, if asked why they disowned rules which their representatives signed, they would plead that the non-ratification of the rules by certain States caused them to be binding on none. Or if they cared to use another argument, they might quote the precious reflections which we find on pp. 53 and 54:—

"The fact that such limitations of the unrestricted and reckless application of all the available means for the conduct of war, and thereby the humanization of the customary methods of pursuing war, really exist, and are actually observed by the armies of all civilized States, has in the course of the nineteenth century often led to attempts to develop, to extend, and thus to make universally binding these pre-existing usages of war; to elevate them to the level of laws binding nations and armies, in other words to create a *codex belli*; a law of war. All these attempts have hitherto, with some few exceptions to be mentioned later, completely failed. If, therefore, in the following work the expression 'the law of war' is used, it must be understood that by it is meant not a *lex scripta* introduced by international agreements; but only a reciprocity of mutual agreement; a limitation of arbitrary behavior, which custom and conventionality, human friendliness and a calculating egotism have erected, but for the observance of which there exists no express sanction, but only 'the fear of reprisals' decides. Consequently the usage of war is even now the only means of regulating the relations of belligerent States to one another. But with the idea of the usages of war will always be bound up the character of something transitory, inconstant, something

dependent on factors outside the army. . . . But since the tendency of thought of the last century was dominated essentially by humanitarian considerations which not infrequently degenerated into sentimentality and flabby emotion (*Sentimentalität und weichlicher Gefühlschwärmerci*) there have not been wanting attempts to influence the development of the usages of war in a way which was in fundamental contradiction with the nature of war and its object. Attempts of this kind will also not be wanting in the future, the more so as these agitations have found a kind of moral recognition in some provisions of the Geneva Convention and the Brussels and Hague Conferences."

Finally, it should be mentioned that the one law which the German General Staff recognize as absolute and incapable of exceptions is the inviolability of neutral territory. A neutral State, it is laid down, not only may

The Spectator.

but must forbid the passage of troops to both belligerents. However great the emergency, no belligerent must yield to the temptation to trespass upon neutral territory. Even when the War Book turns from generalities to details, it is in this case perfectly precise. It calls the Treaty of London which guarantees the neutrality of Belgium "a landmark of progress in the formation of a European polity," and adds that "up till now no Power has dared to violate a guarantee of this kind." One can only say by way of comment that in this one instance in which the War Book speaks unequivocally on the side of pure right and conscience it has evidently not been brought up to date. The German Emperor circulated among his chief officers the plan for violating the neutrality of Belgium six years before it was put into effect.

PRESIDENT WILSON.

Mr. Wilson on March 4 completed his second year in the White House. Half his Presidential term is thus over, and by all the rules of American politics the remaining half will be both less eventful and less productive. It will be governed, so far as domestic affairs are concerned, by the necessity of preparing for, conducting, and recuperating from the election of 1916. If international complications are avoided, Mr. Wilson, therefore, is not likely to furnish us with much more material for passing judgment on him as a man and a President than we possess to-day. We can cast up his balance-sheet with a reasonable expectation that there are not likely to be any very considerable additions to either side of the account.

What sort of a President, then, has he made? If one were to judge him

solely by his Mexican policy the verdict, I imagine, would scarcely be favorable. Anyone indeed who impartially scanned American diplomacy in Mexico during the past two years, and noted its remoteness from "actualities," its laudable but quite visionary idealism, its choice of ineffective means for impracticable ends, its muddle-headed illusion that things can be and not be at the same time, its inability to frame an intelligible issue, and its little spurts of activity that have so far led nowhere and ended in nothing, might well infer that "the scholar in politics" was more than justifying his common reputation. President Wilson has preserved the peace between his own country and its distracted neighbor to the south, and for that his fellow-citizens are grateful to him—more grateful than ever since events in Eu-

rope have reminded them, or rather revealed to them, what modern war is like. But it has been what Mr. Roosevelt would call the peace of dishonor. After upsetting the only Government in sight that held out any promise of strength and stability, Mr. Wilson has pretty much allowed matters to run their own course. Mexico in consequence is experiencing all the horrors of a seemingly perpetual anarchy, and the United States stands by, to all appearances cynically unmoved, but from time to time proclaiming through the mouth of its President the divine right of all nations to manage their own affairs in their own way.

How could a man of Mr. Wilson's rare and discriminating intelligence act as he has acted throughout this Mexican muddle? Mr. Roosevelt has characteristically solved the conundrum by dwelling on the President's cloistered life, his remoteness and shrinking from the mad, unholy realities of the world, his personal timidity. But the real key to the puzzle is to be found, I believe, in the fact that Mr. Wilson's moral code is as rigid as his normal play of mind is flexible. He has a terrible conscience. One cannot imagine him, on any consideration whatever, of national interests or party or personal success, going against a moral conviction. He is spared the grave and manifold perils of the courage to do wrong. But besides this liability to detect a point of conscience in a situation which a mere mundane statesman would tackle with a vulgar directness, President Wilson retains from his pedagogic years a habit of authority, a stubborn pride of opinion, and a certain impatience of opposition that make it exceedingly difficult for him to reverse or depart from any policy which he has once persuaded himself possesses the essential sanctions of justice and right. I

conceive that when he came to study the Mexican situation he decided that Huerta was a blood-stained usurper, who could show no constitutional title to power; that to recognize him officially was to stamp with American approval all Spanish-American men on horseback and all their crimes and treacheries; that it was the moral duty of the United States not to do this, but, on the contrary, to do everything to discourage the revolutionary bacillus; that in this way alone could the lasting interests of the Mexican people be served; that the only good turn one nation can do another is to help it to help itself; and that the disparity between the power of the United States and of Mexico rendered a policy of conquest or coercion peculiarly repulsive. Hence the various expedients, suggestions, and spasmodic inconsistencies that have amazed the outside world during the past two years. They are intelligible only in the light of the moral principles to which the President committed himself with such fatally good intentions, and to which he has clung with such schoolmasterful fixity.

But while his handling of the Mexican problem gives one a real and important aspect of the man, the impression it leaves behind is incomplete and to that extent misleading. Turn to his books and you find a spacious, free-working, analytical mind, a supple style, and a sure grip. Turn, again, to his record in domestic affairs, and all trace of the irresolution and painful questionings that marked his dealings with Huerta disappears. In his management of American issues and American people—issues he has studied at first hand, and people with whom he is in personal contact—he has been decisive, peremptory, almost autocratic. Three of the thorniest questions that any American President could be asked to tackle—the tariff

question, the currency question, and the question of the Trusts—he has not only tackled, but, for the time being, has disposed of. He knew from the start what he wanted, and took the shortest road to it, driving his party before him by the compulsion of personality and a persuasive insistence. By argument, conference, and reasoning, by eschewing the pistolling methods of Mr. Roosevelt, by treating Congress not as a hostile body to be coerced into submission or cajoled into compliance, but as an allied and friendly assembly, his colleagues in the task of law-making, he has not only succeeded in writing his own views on the Statute Book, has not only re-created the Democratic party as an instrument of legislation, but has imparted to the American system of government a smoothness and flexibility it had hitherto lacked. The Ship Purchase Bill, now happily withdrawn, was the only bad or dubious measure which he has taken under his wing. Nearly all the other legislative projects that stand to the credit of his Administration have originated in himself or have been largely shaped from the beginning by his opinions, and one in particular—the repeal of the discriminating clauses in the Panama Canal Act—was a victory for international fair-dealing and the sanctity of treaty obligations that could not have been won but for his admirable resolution.

In Washington, I suspect, they understand Mr. Wilson as little as they would understand Lord Morley. The average Senator or Congressman does not breathe easily in the prevailing White House atmosphere. This rather austere-looking President, not very communicative, with neither time nor inclination for small-talk, setting about

The Outlook.

his day's work with a somewhat stern serenity, with a disconcerting reputation for culture and a warning air—visible through his impartial courtesy, his grave and measured politeness, that fools and triflers will not be suffered gladly, the servant of the public but not its slave, averse from society and incurably indifferent to popularity and the pyrotechnical side of politics—he is for the American capital a new and enigmatic experience. They do not quite know how to take him, or what appeals to him, or by what motives he is swayed. They feel diffident about laying before him considerations that might confidently have been counted upon to influence almost any of his predecessors. His presence, his manner, the high and unbending integrity that radiate from both, the suspicion that he lives and moves on a higher level than they, with wider views and more exalted standards—all this abashes the ordinary politician and makes him uncomfortable. He pronounces the President a "mystery," and complains that he has few points of contact with average humanity; and the President, even at the cost of exposing himself among the cheaper sort of men to a certain amount of misunderstanding, is well resigned, or at any rate is not at all disturbed, to have it so. As a matter of fact, among those whom he knows and likes, Mr. Wilson is one of the most human and delightful of men, with a rich, clear flow of many-sided conversation, an engaging breadth of interests, knowledge, and experiences, a capital story-teller, one in whom a fresh and sunny humor is of the essence of his nature, and whose capacity for emotion is so great that it has to be vigilantly suppressed.

THE NEW NAVAL MEASURES AND THE UNITED STATES.

A few weeks ago Britain and the United States were drifting towards a very dangerous situation. The American grievance was that Britain was destroying the trade of the United States with Northern Europe by delaying American ships and neutral ships carrying American cargoes. In particular it was complained that ships were brought into port, whereas the examination of the cargoes and the ships' papers might be conducted at sea. On the part of the American Government there was, we think, a lack of sympathy with the aims and the difficulties of Britain in this titanic war, and apparently also a want of knowledge of the complex process of overhauling a modern vessel's cargo. It is not an operation that can possibly be carried out at sea. Of course the lack of knowledge on this second point may have been only diplomatic, for it was natural enough for the United States to try to get the best treatment for neutrals that she could possibly exact from the belligerents. Any other nation would do the same in her place. And the American Government must surely have known—what they did not mention—that since the beginning of the war their trade had grown in the particular exports about the treatment of which they complained. The fault on the British side was that our Government did not explain to the United States early enough, and fully enough, what they considered it not only their right but their duty to do in reducing Germany's ability to make war. Nations often drift into a position from which they can extricate themselves only with violence for want of plain speaking. Both sides pretend; they keep up an appearance of hesitation

—for the sake of maintaining good relations—about matters which they know to be essential, and which do not admit of compromise. We are very glad to have received evidence that an article which we published on January 23rd entitled "A Great Danger" was useful because it made some people aware for the first time that Britain and the United States were coming within sight of the possibility of that almost unthinkable thing—a collision between the two great branches of Anglo-Saxondom. If good was done, it was frankness of speaking that did it.

A new cause of dispute between Britain and her kinsmen has now arisen, and once again we are sure that as much is to be gained by plainness as is to be lost by cloudy language and pretence. The new issue may be described in a single sentence. Britain proposes to stop all German imports and exports by the general pressure of her naval strength, whereas the United States says that we ought to use this pressure only in accordance with what have hitherto been regarded as the laws of blockade. The United States says in effect: "Proclaim a blockade such as we have experienced or read of in past wars—a proper blockade with legal sanction and everything handsome about it—and we shall have no right to complain, even though none of our trade can pierce the line. What we cannot tolerate is that you should act upon a general principle, and that we should never know how and where the stroke will fall upon our trade." Our answer to that should be clear and explicit. Germany has declared her intention to try to starve us out, disregarding for the purpose all the rules

of war and all the dictates of humanity. We can but retort by trying to starve Germany out, but we say that in doing so we shall consult the interests of neutrals so far as is possible, and that we shall, of course, do nothing whatever inhumane at sea. Whatever advantage Germany may derive from murder, we shall not compete with her in that respect. Reprisals of violence are absolutely ruled out. But in all other respects we must adapt our methods to the circumstances. Britain has become for Germany a blockaded place; Germany has become for Britain a besieged nation. That is the one efficacious method left to us—to establish a decree of non-intercourse with Germany. It is much better that it should be understood clearly that this is our object; that we must carry it through; and that it matters little or nothing by what name the operation is called.

But it is said in the United States: "Are you not setting up the hateful German plea of necessity?" The answer to that question, of course, depends upon our conception of the nature and the inflexibility of the international laws of blockade from which the presumed "necessity" compels us to depart. If blockades were capable of being conducted under inflexible international rules, we should have to admit that in ignoring those rules—if we had accepted them—we were yielding to the doctrine of necessity that recognizes no morals. But we deny that there are any hard-and-fast rules in such matters as blockades, and consequently we deny that we are yielding to necessity in the German sense. The blockade of the South in the American Civil War proved our assertion. Lincoln proclaimed an extraordinarily drastic blockade of the South. He had not the means of putting it into effect, yet he said that *all* trade with the South, whether that of

Americans or of neutrals, should cease. It was a perfect example of what is called a paper blockade. Lord Lyons, who was the British Ambassador at Washington, and Lord John Russell called attention to the curious incompleteness of the blockade, but Britain nevertheless made no protest. The British cotton industry suffered temporarily a tremendous blow, yet the British Government acted on the principle that the blockade was real and capable of doing what it professed to do. And though there is no similarity between the Federal naval strength of the "sixties" and British naval strength of to-day, there is one striking resemblance between what Lincoln did and what the British Government now propose to do. The Federal ships did not confine their blockading duties to the coast-line; they captured vessels far out at sea, as the Washington correspondent of the *Times* reminded us recently. Yet this seems to be the very thing that the American Government now specially object to—the holding up of neutral ships at a distance from the German coast. The truth is that a blockade is not a thing capable of exact physical limitations. It is simply a means of exerting sea power on the enemy's supplies under whatever conditions may exist. The American Government say in substance: "Blockade the German coasts if you will. Mix yourselves up among the sandbanks, the shallows, and the islands, but do not hold up shipping at such comparatively distant points as the English Channel, the Straits of Dover, and the northern entrance to the North Sea." Can any one seriously suppose that Lincoln, with the firm intentions which he frankly confessed, would not have set his watch on such a narrow passage as the Straits of Dover if such a place had been the way of ingress to the shores of the Confederacy? He would have laughed

at a suggestion that he ought not to do so, and probably have fixed his point for ever in a simile or an anecdote. Geography, after all, determines the character of a blockade. The Federal blockade extended along a huge coast facing the ocean. It cannot be said with the least reason that another blockade in quite a different place must conform to the plans suitable to the eastern coast of the United States. And even if that were said, there would be Lincoln's example of what may be called distant capture. Or is it seriously proposed, again, that the international conception of a blockade should take no account of changes in naval warfare? Patrolling ships notoriously cannot remain in one place nowadays, or lie still, because of the risks from submarines. Suppose that airships had been so developed that America was able to send millions of tons of goods into Germany across the Atlantic. Would the United States Government say that these must pass unchallenged because no previous blockade had taken any account of aerial goods-traffic? A blockade is indeed the creature of its times and its circumstances.

We sincerely hope that the Government will make it clear to the United States that, in Stevenson's phrase, she cannot "fight us with a word." Our methods may be called a blockade, or may be refused the title of blockade, according to taste. Mr. Asquith was wise to say that he did not wish to be entangled in juridical niceties. The fact is that, in answer to German lawlessness, we shall use all the powers we have got, always excluding inhumanity and crime. For cutting off the food supplies of a belligerent we have the authority of Bismarck and Caprivi, who both approved of it as a natural

The Spectator.

and legitimate method of making war. We trust that the United States Government will appreciate the fact that we do and must mean business. Then we may be sure that there will be no danger of painful misunderstanding between us. During the American Civil War Britain gradually and very blunderingly, but clearly in the end, came to recognize that the Federal Government meant business, and when we recognized it we respected their aims and their methods. We could have made trouble, but after our first acts of stupidity and hesitation we did not. We do not believe that, in spite of the first comments of the American newspapers, the United States Government—much less the people of the United States—will fail to grant us their consideration, their indulgence, and their sympathy. Tolerance we sorely need, and, indeed, cannot do without. And we think we are not undeserving of it. We fight our way towards the settlement of a tremendous issue—nothing less than the question whether the world shall proceed on the understanding that there is such a thing as international obligation, or on the understanding that in this mundane cockpit there are no rules for the strong, who may at their will disregard every promise and trample on all who are weak. Every principle and every aspiration of democracy are here involved. We desire to win the war for this cause, and win it in the shortest possible time. Lincoln did not trouble himself because his methods were often said by others to be extra-legal. He trusted to the fundamental rightness of his object. So do we; and we ask for American sympathy on the same grounds as he asked for ours.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

"The Sins of the Fathers," by Mary E. Hyde (Sherman, French, & Co.), is melodrama of the most naive sort. The plot is so complex and rambling that it can best be summarized by the statistical method. There are three murders, two attempted murders, and one suicide. Three of the characters are accused unjustly of crime; three live under assumed names; two are indistinguishable twins; one is an illegitimate child with a hump and a venomous disposition. The charitable and beautiful heroine steals from her rival the affections of a man she cares nothing about and then sneers about it. The principal villain is reformed by being scraped from a freight train by a low bridge. The few chapters which inject into the main stream of the story the history of the Bixby family form an ingenious and not unreadable detective story.

In the book entitled "What have the Saints to Teach Us?" (Fleming H. Revell & Co.), the author, Joseph Fort Newton, urges the claims of asceticism on the generation of to-day. He has studied the monks of old, cloistered in prayer and ministering through constant sacrifice to the people, and finds them admirable. He quotes the Catholic writers of this hour as declaring that Protestantism has dropped out of its creed the necessity of sacrifice. Then he cites his heroes, Francis, Bernard, Molinos, Fenelon. The book is very short and packed with thought, quoting too, from many a forgotten volume of old, quaint and delightful passages. The arrangement is orderly and simple, the style devout and spirited. In a foreword he declares "Social serv-

ice, so far as it is real, is a result, not a cause. Of that profounder life of faith and prayer and vision, which issues in deeds of daring excellence, the pilgrims of the Mystic Way are the leaders and the guides."

The General Index to *The Bibelot* (Thomas B. Mosher) puts at the disposal of the fortunate owners of complete sets of that unique publication a convenient guide to its treasures. The Index is compiled by Milton James Ferguson of the California State Library, and it groups in one alphabetical arrangement, the contents of the two hundred and forty numbers of the little magazine. This is supplemented by a list of Contents by volumes, and is followed by an Appreciation by Richard Le Gallienne, and a tribute by William Marion Reedy. A Foreword by Mr. Mosher sets forth the aims which have been kept steadily in view during the twenty years of *The Bibelot's* publication; and a portrait of Mr. Mosher, editor and publisher through all these years, looks up at the reader from the page facing the title page. The volume would hardly have been complete without this; for it shows the readers of *The Bibelot* what sort of a man it is who has garnered for them, from distant and little-known fields, some of the daintiest and most delicate literary treasures. It is a noble and friendly face, which will not soon be forgotten by those to whom Mr. Mosher has so long ministered.

Dr. Alfred Worcester has so highly condensed his "Nurses for Our Neighbors" that only prolonged and intimate acquaintance with hospital nurses,

good and bad, private nurses, bad and good, and "social agents" will enable a reader to see how very clever it is. The author is a former President of the Harvard Medical School Alumni Association, President of the Waltham Training School for Nurses, and Chief of the maternity service of the Waltham hospital and serves in various capacities in other institutions and bodies more or less connected with medicine. In his early pages, he separates himself from those physicians who rate method or their own glorification higher than the happiness of their patients. A doctor should not only give himself to his work, he says, but should cultivate tact so delicate that a patient will feel that nothing but his case is of real consequence to the kind friend who comes to talk about it. The nurse must be the counterpart of the doctor, supplying such gaps in his ministry as may occur from circumstances. Those who see the really "trained" nurse going about her work do not often know that three years, and sometimes four years of training were needed to perfect her. Cook, chambermaid, provider, keeper of accounts and statistics she must be, and all her knowledge must be at instant command. Florence Nightingale thought that five years were necessary for the instruction of a normal teacher of nursing. Dr. Worcester illustrates his various theses by anecdotes skillfully told. They must not be quoted here; nobody wants the plums removed from his cake before he eats it, and everybody should devour this choice bit of instructive common sense. Houghton Mifflin Company.

"Love-Acre," by Mrs. Havelock Ellis, immediately calls to mind a speech from "Sinister Street," "You've been reading Cornish novelists—the sort of people who write about over-emo-

tionalized young men and women acting to the moon in hut-circles or dancing with their own melodramatic Psyches on the top of a cromlech"; yet it does not deserve to be interred without further ado with those words for epitaph. Tobias Trewiddden, the Cornish hero, is as queer as his name. Not merely because he sees visions and talks with insects and naively takes the blame for the sins of others, but chiefly because he is not completely realized as a living character and remains as evanescent and incredible as one of his own fairies. Much of the poetry is flavored with Maeterlinck, more with Barrie, and it often draws dangerously near to bathos and sentimentality. There is a Corellian frame-work of another world. Yet its teachings of the Great Secrets and the Silence are strong enough to deliver their cargo of truth at the door of the heart without passing the customs-examination of the intellect for contraband goods; the idea of the Great Moth is one of the most original, unanthropomorphic, and delightful in all fairyland; and the beauty of the second chapter, *The Shepherd*, is rare and almost unbroken. And perhaps *Fancy*, with all her bubble-instability, offers a treasure of iridescence which the Gothic unity of the Imagination can never preserve within its fabrics. Mitchell Kennerley.

From the forefront of the European battlefield Reginald Wright Kauffman sends a series of poems on the sorrows and heroism of an oppressed people and calls his collection "Little Old Belgium," taking the affectionate phrase from the lips of the Belgian soldier "*Belgique ma petite vieille*." A few are translations of Belgian war-songs, one he heard chanted, improvised perhaps, "by a maddened woman amid the ruins of Louvain." The

poems all ring with a stirring note and are filled with a profound pity for the afflicted peasants. The quality is uneven, as all controversial poetry is apt to be; the author holds a brief for the Belgian and loathes the German pitilessly, as witness—

"You call on God! You juggle with
Christ's name,
William the Treaty-Breaker, round
whose throne
The incense curls of every bestial
shame—
Why, Herod's hands are white beside
your own!

Many are pathetic, many stirring. Some are written with a certain stateliness, others in the very latest brand of slang. But the volume is well worth reading. Henry Altamus Company.

"Sinister Street," by Compton Mackenzie, continues the history of Michael Fane from the point at which "Youth's Encounter" left him. It is a continuation of the earlier book rather than a sequel, yet is sufficiently self-propelled to interest and satisfy the reader who does not happen to be familiar with the earlier book. The first chapter transports young Fane (one unconsciously thinks of him in formal, distant phrases) from London to Oxford, installs him in his rooms at Magdalen College, and ends with a group-picture of the abject self-consciousness of the Eternal Freshman. More than half of the 650 closely printed pages are devoted to the careers of Fane and his friends at the university. They are full of the merciless snobbery and the religious devotion to frivolity which seem to characterize the smart set of England, relieved chiefly by the affectation of extreme ennui and the assumption of a highly critical attitude toward the personalities of one's friends, which are supposed to be especially characteristic of the Oxford

undergraduate. Hardly a page escapes breaking out with either "Silly ass!" or "Silly rot!" A complete aloofness, even from oneself, is the prevailing ideal; action, with the exception of bonfires and beer, is banished to a place among the base necessities of life. But Part II. repudiates the atmosphere of Part I. with astonishing abruptness. Michael buries himself in the underworld of London in a quixotic search for the Lily Haden of "Youth's Encounter." With drunken landladies, pugilists, murderers, and prostitutes for companions, his own passions awake and sweep him into action. Even here the related succession of incidents which constitute the book do not fuse into a very definite plot, but the intangible element of suspense which makes it difficult to lay a book down until the last page becomes incandescent. Certain tableaux, certain dramatic situations burn themselves into the memory. The book ends indecisively, as the sincerest biographical novels must; yet, viewed as a whole, "Sinister Street" seems more strictly conceived and unwaveringly executed as first of all a work of art and,—only secondarily a story, an analysis of character, a criticism of life, an expression of philosophy, and a transcript of reality,—than any English novel since *Borrow* which comes readily to mind. And the temptation is strong to bolster this rather audacious statement by going back to Defoe to find a comparison for the unhurried tempo of Compton Mackenzie's style, its freedom from palpitations, and its air of cool mastery of its content. He is hard and imperturbable, but masterful; he delights in the pleasures of the flesh, but also in cleanness of spirit and keenness of intellect; and it is all spiced with a quick-flashing wit. It is good to know that he is only thirty-one. D. Appleton & Co.